

# The TATLER

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*Speight, New Bond Street*

## H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE

Princess Alice is yet another member of our Royal Family who has given herself up wholeheartedly to war work and whose great personal popularity is a constant encouragement to all under her, as much as her devotion to the task is an example to all other women who are playing their part so gallantly. A daughter of the first Duke of Albany and a grandchild of Queen Victoria, Princess Alice married the Earl of Athlone in 1904. She is seen above in the uniform of the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.) of which she is Commandant-in-Chief, one of her recent public functions having been a review of a detachment of the Service destined for Finland.



## And the World Said—



MISS JOYCE JESSE BROWN

Whose engagement to Sergeant Peter Bois was announced on January 19, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Brown. The bridegroom-elect is the son of the late Sir Stanley Bois and of Lady Bois, of Littlecroft, Farnham, Surrey



H.M. THE QUEEN, LADY BLANE, ALSO THE PRINCESSES' CORGIS AT THE INSPECTION OF THE Y.M.C.A. MOBILE CANTEEN

Harlip

A picture taken in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, when this first Y.M.C.A. canteen unit was inspected by Their Majesties before it left for France under command of Lady Blane, who is the widow of the late Commander Sir Charles Blane, R.N. A group taken at the recent wedding of Lady Blane's daughter Helen appears below on this page. The Princesses' very friendly Corgis are not in the least camera-shy and manage to get into many pictures

WHILE teaching the Ronald Colmans, Erroll Flynns, Charles Boyer, Hedy Lamarr, Maureen O'Sullivan (of the periwinkle eyes), "Oomph" Sheridan, George Brent, Gene Markey and the Gary Coopers to "Booms-a-Daisy" at a dance in Hollywood, Miss Elsa Maxwell announced that the war will end in April. Good! Not so good is Russian gossip from the Left, now "planting" the remark that France is sick of the war. Watch for this, and avoid circulating it except as an example of plausible lies emanating from unexpected places. Admittedly, there can be no smoke without fire; but those Frenchmen ready for peace without the restitution of conquered territories and the disarmament of Germany can be counted on three fingers—Blum, Blum, Blum. Inactivity has produced a certain amount of *cafard*, but bemoaning enforced absence from *foyer* or *métier*, and being ready to accommodate the German power-lust are Poles apart; divided by the resolve of forty million Frenchmen to preserve their grumbling space. Heartening news of the B.E.F.'s state of



AT THE BLANE-TOMKINSON WEDDING RECEPTION

The three bridesmaids and the best man at the wedding of Mr. W. R. Tomkinson, who is in an infantry regiment, to Miss Helen Blane (for her mother, see above). Left to right are Miss Helen Palmer-Tomkinson, the bridegroom's cousin and a famous ski-er, Miss Minna Mary Royds, first cousin of the bride, Miss Virginia Ansdell and Lieutenant Edward Tomkinson, who is the Royal Navy Golf champion and is the bridegroom's brother and at present very "busy"

mind is contained in a recent interview given by Lord Gort to a Belgian writer. The C.-in-C. readily admitted our forces endure boredom at times, but said the Germans suffer more; *morale* depending on mental and bodily well-being. After harking back to the dull and successful siege warfare conducted by Marlborough and Turenne, Lord Gort alluded to the new North Line, assuring his interrogator that should Belgium be attacked the Anglo-French guarantee would work "like lightning"—as the P.M. has affirmed. The French Home Front is *magnifique*. Comparatively few farm workers having been released, their women and children are overworking on the land, as noted by our eye witness, Priscilla, whose Paris, with its Cinderella curfew, is less nocturnal than London; only older men about, and no dashing military in the Ritz. Maurice Chevalier's show corresponds with the Palladium as leave-time favourite. In *Pièges*—his latest to reach London—the merry amorist is nearly guillotined instead of his partner, a sex maniac, whose urges are sufficiently *banal* to pass the



Censor. Though badly constructed, this film was photographed by brains. My Hollywood gossip opines there were only two brains behind *Gone With the Wind*—Margaret Mitchell who wrote the book, and the amazing movie mogul David Selznick who re-wrote the script after hiring a quire of expensive writers, including John Van Druten. When I was in Hollywood he had just engaged George Cukor, a highly cultured, far-from-phoney director, who, after only three weeks, was superseded by Victor Fleming on Clark Gable's recommendation. Fleming and Vivien Leigh bickered until the last shot. Then they were snapped arm-in-arm, smiling. Some of "Jock" Whitney's millions sponsored this "epic-epic" in which we are about to participate. At his all-night Hollywood session in its honour, Norma Shearer shared a table with George Raft, William Powell, Loretta Young (rated a little star), Rosalind Russell and Cukor who is too big to bear malice. Marvellous as "Maimie" in *G.W.T.W.*, the monumental coloured actress, Hattie McDaniels, wore velvet at the party with a lifebuoy of gardenias. True to form the stars paraded at the opening of Santa Anita's racing season, which amazing spectacle I gave you at first-hand a year ago. This year Orry Kelly's ubiquitous green hats topped the inevitable minks and orchids. My correspond adds: "More favourites won than when you were here." They would!

\* \* \*

From pictures to pictures. A reader who is "coming up to London" this month wants to know what to look out for at Burlington House. Presuming she is not the only one with a visit to the United Artists on her mind (especially since the Shavian cut-price controversy and ballots by viewers have improved the gate), I nominate some personal fancies among the 2,219 accepted entries. The Hanging Committee appears to have suffered from an attack of higgledy-piggledy, with heterogeneous complications. Some of its juxtapositions give rise to unseemly mirth, and the majority strain the eyes. To see the wood for the trees is not easy. Incidentally Mrs. Berenice Wood contributes cut-paper decorations (79/1486) and two other Woods are represented. Liverpooldians approve number one on the card in spite of its title: "A Dirty Day, Liverpool"; 27, "Symbolical Figures on the Victor Hugo Monument, Paris," and 32, "A Kentish Farm," are effective in opposite ways. Taking in 35, and 46, we stop in front of Miss Pybus's "Australia Felix," recalling that her Pacific surf-scape was one of the most striking pictures at the Suffolk Galleries last month, and the only one not for sale. 74, and 75 depict Regent's Park and the Canal; 43, and 95, Waterloo



MRS. CHARLES JAMES FORBES  
AND HER CHILDREN

The two bonny children in this picture are grandchildren of a very distinguished sailor and one who holds a vital position nowadays, Admiral Sir Charles Morton Forbes, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. Their father, Captain Charles James Forbes, is serving in the army. Mrs. Forbes was before her marriage Miss Katherine Ledere Hogan of New York, and the two children are Audrey, aged two and a half, and Charles David who was born last year



SNOW QUEEN  
IN CHELSEA

The A.R.P. centre at Chelsea Polytechnic have organized a flourishing dramatic society. Their latest show was a version of Hans Andersen's *Snow Queen*. The picture shows the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley with her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock who took the part of The Snow Queen, the Hon. Pamela Stanley who played Guerdar, and the Hon. Victoria Stanley who was in the ballet



DOÑA GINA REGIS DE OLIVEIRA AND LADY HALIFAX

It is with regret that London has learnt of the impending departure of the Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, long doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, and of his charming wife. Doña Gina Regis de Oliveira was instrumental on the outbreak of war in organizing a working party for ladies of the Diplomatic Corps to provide comforts for the troops and is seen above working at the house of the Hon. Mrs. Roland Greville with Lady Halifax, who is associated with her as head of the organization

Bridge and Old Waterloo. In a clever London scene, "St. John's Wood Under Snow," Mr. van Anrooy dispenses with chinese white, leaving the canvas "a perfect and absolute blank" where snow is indicated; 123, Aubrey Sykes's "Oriental Pastel," is more interesting than it sounds; 134 breathes the virility of sporting England; it should find an American buyer if there are any left. John Nash's 140—timber being unloaded at Bristol—is to me the most exhilarating composition in the show. The blue in "Glencoe from Loch Leven" is verri bonny, and next, 200, hangs a nude lovely called "Caprice." Philip Connard's "Dieppe," perfect of its kind, awakens Continental memories. Those who choose Cornwall holidays admire 211. "Stobo Kirk," 230, conveys the uncertain temperament of that lonely hill country in which Scott set "The Black Dwarf." 240 is such a good portrait of a small boy that mothers can be seen noting Mr. Arnold Mason's name; 250 has a *farouche* tenderness, while 268, "Ranch House" tells a hard life story; too true to be held good, it is sky-ed. My country friend will pick portraits for herself; they are pretty obvious. Mr. Christie resists what must have been a temptation to do Ernest Thesiger in profile, and "Lady George Scott," hung next naturalist Peter Scott's "Barnacle Geese," is a flat likeness of a talented beauty who should attempt a self-portrait. If harled surfaces interest

you, see how Miss Gwenda Morgan puts on the paint in 432. Cuthbert Orde has given "Lady in Blue" the Elwes touch at considerably less than Richard's price, now the second highest in the U.S.A., Brockhurst leading. Anne Harcourt, whose eminent father is represented by two big



## And the World said—*continued*

pictures, shows a brilliant portrait, 788, and Dame Laura Knight an exquisite "altogether," 1813. Sir John Lavery's Californian sunbathers have been seen before, but 827, Mr. A. K. Lawrence's "Venus" brings the radiance that was Greece within our narrowing vision. There is no more modern portrait in the whole exhibition than 837 which Fiddes Watt painted thirteen years ago of the late Lord Kingsborough. 866, Mr. James Gunn's wife waiting in the hall of the Ritz, provided a fashion note, to use an exhausted jargon. Women also admire Cathleen Mann's "Hon. Mrs. Watson," and a very old Jagger of "Kitty" Jagger, both in Gallery IV, where my pick is 903. "Country Fair" 939, improves on that over-publicized jig-saw "Proverbs." *N.B.*—It takes days to give this Academy more than the once-over. Mrs. Beadle who painted "The Authoress" 1091, tells me the sitter was Sir Edwin Lutyens' youngest daughter, Mrs. Anthony Sewell, who proof read "Silk Spiders" during sittings. Gallery VII being unheated, people linger next door doing obeisance to the ultra expensive-looking Salisbury, "The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson," young, rich and golden. Her husband is already an alderman of the City of London, and a colonel (since promotion is in the wind) of industry.

Another youngish magnate, Mr. Eric Bowater, whose conversation is punctuated by original opinions which he airs with glee, was in the Ritz, fulminating *sotto voce*. Also lunching were Lady Stavordale, who has one of the best hair cuts; Miss Mollie Sullivan with a muff on her head; Mrs. ("Tatters' mother") Byrne and Mrs. "Ronnie" Senior, whose mother takes a practical interest in the evacuees at Ford Castle, Berwick-on-Tweed, where the sweeping Border views, the drawbridge and other storied effects cannot fail to enchant young imaginations. Lady Joicey brushes the little girls' hair herself, and her maid shows them how clothes are taken care of in the sewing-room. "I think my mother looks on it as a great opportunity—which is more than can be said of some hostesses" was Nora Senior's comment. At children's parties in the Borders Lord and Lady Reay's are much admired; the boy promises to have Charlotte's charm. In Edinburgh a son has been born to the attractive Australian-born wife of Colonel David Aitken, one of the "characters" of the Seaforths, with his *retroussé* nose, enormous one-sided smile and accompanying twinkle. They already have a girl. The engagement of Roderick MacKenzie's widow, Rosemary Troubridge, to Sir Fisher Dilke's younger son, makes more Scottish small-talk as her first husband, *né* Martineau, came into a Mackenzie property as distinct from Kincaig which his father, Sir William Martineau, bought many years ago. Edinburgh's night life, which I reviewed for you in November, continues to boom, principally at the de Guise, where sailors don't care. London's is regulated, to an extent of which the restaurant public has no conception, by the Provost-Marshal, Colonel Charles R. T. M. Gerard of Wrightington, and his aides, including Captain Rupert ("Mossie") Preston of Household Brigade Flying Club fame and Major "Dick" Pinto. Far removed from being a spoil-sport, Colonel Gerard, whose closest friends in the Great War were brother First Guardsmen "Bulgy" Thorne and "Fatboy" Gort, is, nevertheless, most emphatically on

the job. I doubt if places which overcharge H.M. Forces, or otherwise misbehave, will survive. On the contrary, straight dealers have nothing to fear. The renewed activity at Jules' was watched by Captain Ulick Alexander, among others, while Lady Portarlington and Miss Ursula Gibbons represented different generations at Quaglino's, and Diana Wynyard made one of her rare appearances after midnight at the Florida, accompanied once more by the charming artist and Olympic fencer, Ian Campbell-Gray, now a soldier. I will not tell who took who to the Apéritif one Saturday, this being Best Girl Night in the Highest Circles as well as in the East End; but there is no harm in signalling the last appearance there of the Brazilian Ambassador, accompanied by daughter Sylvia, or the presence of smiling Mrs. "Baba" Pim Breck, and unsmiling Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, each with her legitimate.

\* \* \*

In one scene of *Lights Up*, which comes to the Savoy on Friday after doing well "out," C. B. has revived the effective trick of spot-lighting first one player, then another, leaving the stage stygian. It is the same with Europe. One year we hear and see everything from Madrid and nothing from Warsaw or Helsinki; the next Spain is blotted from our consciousness as if all the ramifications of the civil war have no bearing on events elsewhere. Such myopia is insane. Our Government backed the wrong horse, for which miserable perversity and other sins of omission (due to the efficiency of Communist propaganda and to confusion of our then foreign policy) Spain's finer elements will never forgive us. They point to the damaging evidence of English ammunition captured from the Reds, and to the behaviour of the British Embassy which, having refused sanctuary to several *Grans d'Espagne*, is held responsible for their murder. That some were saved by the B.E. is not disputed, but survivors educated at Beaumont, Downside and other English schools will never get over the fact they owe their lives to Tom, Dick and Harry, among the foreign embassies, rather than to John Bull. Our prestige in Madrid is zero, and for that we have to thank "Sir Galahad" Eden, and other intellectuals here and in Paris who forgot that their attenuated culture is rooted in



*Lenare*

MRS. RODERICK MACKENZIE  
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Mr. Michael Dilke's engagement to Mrs. Mackenzie was announced on January 25. The bride-elect is the widow of Captain Roderick Mackenzie who was in the Seaforths, and the younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Troubridge and of Laura Lady Troubridge. Mr. Dilke is the second son of Sir Fisher and Lady Dilke

the Catholic tradition common to all civilized Europeans. In this instance Mr. Desmond McCarthy's *mot* "The great advantage of being born a gentleman is that it is an excellent working substitute for magnanimity of mind" was not justified. Franco fought the world's battle against Communism while we looked on. Now we are engaged in a similar bout with the powers of darkness and it is the United States who look on. In Madrid social life persists in spite of mourning. The Ritz has been redecorated; the Palace Grill is the smartest for dinner, and "Paul's" has the best food, though every luxury is conspicuously absent as Spain cannot afford imports. Around 10 p.m. one chic cocktail bar functions—"Bakanik"—and around 7 p.m. the best tea parties are given by Señora Oliviera Cezar and her daughter whose husband is the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires which explains why they have enough sugar for cakes. All go to the German newsreels, and many regret English films and magazines are unobtainable. Sir John Reith please hustle—*manana* will not do.

On page 173 in this issue the Golf and Country Club is incorrectly described as the St. Mellons Country Club, Cardiff.



## A BRILLIANT ART RECEPTION IN DUBLIN



MRS. W. R. NOLAN WITH THE  
EARL OF GRANARD (PRESIDENT)



MR. NOEL GUINNESS AND  
SIR JOHN AND LADY MAHON



H.E. SIR JOHN  
AND LADY MAFFEY



MRS. JOAN JAMESON AND ANOTHER  
ARTIST, MR. PAUL HENRY, R.H.A.



DR. GEORGE FURLONG (DIRECTOR OF THE  
NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND), LADY LOUTH,  
LADY DUNALLEY AND MRS. HOMAN-MULOCK



SENATOR SIR JOHN KEANE  
AND MRS. KEVIN O'HIGGINS



SENATOR DESMOND FITZGERALD AND  
MISS JOAN HASLIP (THE AUTHORESS)

This very distinguished mobilization of Irish intelligentsia was given by the Friends of the National Collections of Ireland in the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Charlemount House, Dublin, Lord Granard, President of the Society, receiving the guests who included many of the members of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, distinguished artists such as Mr. Paul Henry, R.H.A. (Royal Hibernian Academy), Mrs. Jameson, whose pictures are by no means unfamiliar to us in London, and the President of the Royal Dublin Society under whose auspices the great horse show is run, Mr. Justice Wylie, ex-Master of the Ward, and Mr. P. J. Rutledge owner of Mondragon, the colt that won both the Irish and Ulster Derbies last season. Mrs. W. R. Nolan who is with Lord Granard, is one of the organizing committee and did much to make this assembly the big success it was. H.E. Sir John Maffey is Britain's representative in Eire and had a brilliant career in the Political Department in India. Mrs. Homan-Mulock, who is in the group with Lady Louth and Lady Dunalley, is the mother of Lady Nutting, the very popular consort of the Master of the Quorn, Sir Harold Nutting



MR. JUSTICE WYLIE, P.R.D.S., AND  
MR. AND MRS. P. J. RUTLEDGE

*Poole, Dublin*



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Funny and Unfunny

ONE man's meat is another man's poison. In other words, you cannot argue whether a comedian is or is not funny. If a comedian is funny to you, then both you and the comedian are in luck. On the other hand, if a comedian strikes you as unfunny, the plight of both of you is desperate. Let me chronicle this week how I have been both in and out of luck. I will begin with the film at the Leicester Square called *Band Waggon*. This in its inception was a wireless entertainment in which a Mr. Arthur Askey and a Mr. Richard Murdoch have achieved a certain amount of fame. I write nonsense—these celebrated comedians have achieved enormous fame! It was therefore in a mood of considerable expectancy that I went to the Leicester Square Theatre to see as well as hear the fun. And lo and behold, there wasn't any! The cause of this dearth was doubtless, as laid down above, not default in the players but disability on the part of a particular spectator. For some reason or other that I could not discern these two chased one another round the roof of Broadcasting House to the accompaniment of a witlessness the like of which I had never imagined possible. As my mind is fortunately incapable of retaining any of this pair's jokes, here is something, now concocted, which gives the essence if not the matter of their brand of jocularity:

MR. MURDOCH: How are you, Arthur?

MR. ASKEY: In the pink.

MR. MURDOCH: In the sink?

MR. ASKEY: No, in the pink.

MR. MURDOCH: Oh, I see! A pink sink!

After this we were suddenly switched on to the Great West Road where there was a roadhouse, and Mr. Jack Hylton, his band, and a score of coryphées awaiting the customers who never came whiled away the time with swing music. Mr. Askey and Mr. Murdoch, hampered by a dilapidated motor car, then took to being as unfunny as they had been on the roof. There followed some nonsense about a haunted house, and then I came away.

Sorely perplexed at my failure to enjoy what nine-tenths of the world tells me is the very genius of humour, I went over to Studio One where I saw the film entitled *Les Rois du Sport* with those two magnificent French actors, MM. Raimu and Fernandel. The curtain had not been up—the reader will note how quickly when the screen players are actors one reverts to the old theatre terms—the curtain had hardly risen before I realized the difference between the English and the French sense of humour. The English people have no use for an actor. To them humour is something adventitious and extraneous, something plastered, as it were, upon life. To the English a funny fellow is a fellow who happens to look funny, and all he has to do is to continue to look funny in this or that circumstance. During the hour in which I watched Mr. Askey and Mr. Murdoch the other evening I cannot remember that their countenances or even the intonations of their voices suffered any change. The French attitude is exactly the reverse. The French demand that their humour both in theatre and cinema shall spring out of life and be an extension to absurdity of something entirely familiar and reasonable. *Les Rois du Sport* is concerned with the proprietor of a small Marseilles café and the

waiter whose heart is set on winning the proprietor's daughter. I venture to think that if Mr. Askey and Mr. Murdoch were to play these two parts, we should see such a proprietor and such a waiter as had never existed and never could exist anywhere on the face of the earth. Whereas Raimu and Fernandel are every proprietor and every waiter in France. There is a magnificent scene in which Fernandel finds himself called upon to keep goal in a match between the Cannebière and Montmartre. Now, I can imagine that Mr. Askey as an incompetent goalkeeper might be quite funny in the English way. But I cannot imagine that his way of letting the ball get past him would be that of Fernandel. It seems that Raimu has laid five thousand francs on the prowess of Fernandel who explains to his proprietor that he has let the ball go past him twice out of pure strategy. Whereupon the proprietor launches the word "idiot," and this starts a quarrel in which players, field, and match are forgotten.

Among us Englishmen a quarrel means a word and a blow. Among French people the blows are words, and a brawl between any pair becomes an entire epitome of French family life. Now it takes actors to do this, and both Raimu and Fernandel are actors. Or you might put it this way. I have no doubt that if Mr. Askey and Mr. Murdoch were to play two mutes at a funeral they would still to their admirers be monstrously funny. I have no doubt that if Raimu and Fernandel did the same their verisimilitude would be irreproachable. To conclude the whole matter, the English have no use for anything on the screen except clowning. The French have no use for anything on the screen except acting.

By the oddest chance Studio One was also showing a supporting film which belonged to yet a third school of humour. I have shown that English comedians are funny fellows who can never be grave, and that French comedians are grave fellows who can be funny whenever they want to be. Mr. Buster Keaton is an American comedian who becomes funny by dint of remaining always grave. His latest film *Pest Comes Up West*, is, as the French say, *tordant*. Is it Bergson who so laboriously explains laughter as the impact of the unexpected? Bother Bergson! I only know that to see Mr. Keaton, whirled about in amorous expectation, take a flying leap from a yacht to a jetty which is not there and land on his back in the water is one of the funniest things I have ever encountered. He does this four times, and achieves the feat of making repetition even funnier. And the whole thing is enhanced, at least for me,

by the extraordinary resemblance which now exists between Mr. Keaton and the late Johnston Forbes-Robertson. I swear that I would have seen nothing incongruous if in the costume of a Mexican toreador this comedian had suddenly started to recite: "What a piece of work is a man!" To see Hamlet exquisitely poised between heaven and earth take that flying leap into the dirty waters of some Continental ditch—this, to my way of thinking, is truly funny. At least I find it so, and so did the crowded audience at Studio One. And now to be quite fair, let me say that the travel film of Egypt which precedes *Band Waggon* at the Leicester Square Theatre is one of the best things of the kind I have ever seen.

\* \* \*

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company concluded a most successful Scottish season on Saturday last, and on Monday last they opened at the Golders Green Hippodrome for a three weeks' season with the new production of *The Yeoman of the Guard*. This visit will be one of unusual interest as the new production of *The Yeoman of the Guard* will be seen for the first time in London. The company will include a new artiste in Grahame Clifford, who will be seen in all the parts made famous by the late Sir Henry Lytton. Mr. Clifford will be making his first appearance in London in these operas.



MARY HEALY—NEW STAR

Very appropriately, one of the attractive young lady's most recent pictures has been *Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star*, since she is Twentieth Century-Fox Films recent promotion. Just before that she had a winner in *He Married His Wife*, and the prophets say there are certain to be more to come more or less soon





Vivienne

## VIVIEN LEIGH: STAR OF 1939

New York film critics rate Vivien Leigh's performance as Scarlett O'Hara, heroine of *Gone With The Wind*, as last year's best effort and the film is now having a wild success all over America with newspaper advertisements announcing that it "will not be shown except at advanced prices until 1941." Vivien Leigh, who was born Vivian Mary Hartley in India, studied her acting at the Comédie Française and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Her first film appearance was as a schoolgirl in *Things Are Looking Up* in 1934 and she is well known as an actress in the London theatre, her most successful part being that of Henriette in *The Mask of Virtue*. She has also played in Shakespeare at the Open Air Theatre and the Old Vic and was a member of the company which acted *Hamlet* at Elsinore in 1937. Another small picture of Miss Leigh and more details of *Gone With The Wind* appear in a Hollywood page in another part of this issue





THE EARL OF ROSEBERY'S BLUE PETER

*From the painting by Edward Seago*

This portrait of Lord Rosebery's unbeaten colt is one of two which Mr. Edward Seago was commissioned to paint, the second one being unfinished owing to the artist's absence on active service. If the war had not deprived him of the chance, Blue Peter would undoubtedly have added the Leger to his Two Thousand and Derby victories. In addition to the two classics, Blue Peter won the Blue Riband Trial Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes

I WAS very intrigued to read that young and wealthy Tullamore hunting man Mr. H. L. Egan, owner of Jack Chaucer the winner of the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown was bombarded by requests for his autograph. I have collected many different kinds of souvenirs in my time, and in my youth the stars of the sporting world appeared to me as Olympian figures, and I would have gladly bartered away any chance of a good time in the hereafter, for a smile from Steve Donoghue or Jack Hobbs. In middle age I am still prepared to sell my soul in return for smiles and little acts of kindness, but the objects of my hero worship have long ceased to be jockeys and cricketers. I often wish I'd remained faithful to Mr. Hobbs, whom I have never met, but who I understand is a teetotaler, and accompanies his wife to bed every night at ten o'clock. How rich I'd be! My penchant for hero worship, in latter years I must confess there have been more heroines than heroes, has resulted in my collecting a number of objects of purely sentimental value, but I have never hankered after an autograph; unless it be situated on the south-east corner of a cheque, which is an entirely different pair of shoes, as the chorus girl said as she threw aside her boy friend's bedroom slippers, and put on her pinnacle heels.

From time to time I am asked for my autograph, and I am always rather thrilled about it. At Nottingham once, during a Test Match, I was mistaken for Patsy Hendren (the *mem* has never felt quite the same about me since), and on leaving a racecourse I am often mistaken for a jockey. Being essentially decent and therefore unwilling to spoil the little dear's books, I invariably say, "Oh, but I'm not a jockey, I'm only a journalist," at which they usually treat me rather as one does a fish one considers too small for the pot. They realize it isn't my fault that I get my living driving a pen instead of riding a horse, and they are never unkind, but they make no effort to conceal the fact that they have no use for me.

Imagine my delight therefore, when at Warwick last spring, a small boy, on learning that I was only a poor hack from Fleet Street, answered: "Oh, but I should like to have your signature just the same."

So touched was I at the action of this generous-hearted little soul that I would have liked to have found out more about him so that I could have remembered him in my will, but before I could get the better of the lump in my throat, he had espied Charlie Smirke leaving the weighing room, and he left me with a whoop of delight, for here indeed was a big fish, and unless the rate of exchange has altered since the war, a couple in Charlie's scholarly hand would purchase one of Gordon Richards on the "swop" exchange.

Although I wouldn't give a fig for any one's autograph I can well understand that the value of the signature is a more or less accurate criterion of a man's glamour. Now

# Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

jockeys are full of glamour, their names are household words, they are always right in the public eye, they are spectacular, and they run risks. Trainers have considerable less glamour. The fact that a poor devil has almost worried himself into a bughouse trying to get some horse sound to run in some race or other, and that he hasn't left his horses for a year—preferring to motor back 300 miles after racing so that he can assure himself that all's well—does not endow him with any glamour in the eyes of the hero worshippers who are all out for spectacular effects. The fact that he has laboured unceasingly stamps him as a worthy man, like the parson or the doctor, whose exploits never reach the public ears, but there is of course nothing glamorous in doing your job. The only time the public sees much glamour in a trainer is when he stands in the winning enclosure patting the neck of his charge

after he has won some big race; but even then it is the little man on top who gets most of the bouquets thrown at him, and certainly the biggest present, despite the fact that his job has taken him a very few minutes, while the trainer's has gone on unremittingly for several years.

If a trainer isn't a very glamorous figure, what about an owner? After all a trainer is in the public eye, and is actively engaged in looking after the horses, though as he doesn't groom them or ride them a large section of the public is very vague as to what he actually does do. An owner on the other hand does nothing except pay bills and try and look pleasant. The latter task usually proves too much for him, but the poor devil's only human, and I don't suppose that even Job finished up looking like Robert Taylor. Let's face it, there's precious little glamour about an owner, and the fact that if it wasn't for the owners who put so much more into the game than they can ever hope to take out, there wouldn't be any jockeys, trainers or racing of any sort has never seemed to cut any ice at all with the hero-worshippers.

I was therefore, astounded to read that Jack Chaucer's owner Mr. Egan, whom I have never seen or even heard of before, was besieged by the autograph hunters. I ask myself "Can a new dawn be breaking, has the public at last formed a true perspective and changed its sense of values accordingly? Will it no longer be dazzled by the spectacular achievements of the jockeys, but from now on appreciate the sterling merit of the man who pays and pays and pays, like the girl in "My Heart belongs to Daddy"?"

While autographs have always left me cold, so have hairs out of horses' tails, why I would just as soon collect my girl friend's "combing." Yet I read that enthusiastic souvenir hunters flocked round the unsaddling enclosure to secure a hair from Jack Chaucer's tail. Apart from the fact that I shouldn't know what to do with a piece of Jack Chaucer's tail even if I had it, I sincerely hope that I shall never find myself within hair-pulling distance of any horse's tail. One of the first lessons I was taught was that a horse has two ends, and while I would be very unlucky if I came to any harm if I remained within the proximity of the end it ate with, dire misfortunes might occur if I ventured round the other end. In this mechanical age when a large proportion of the population have never had any truck with horses, it is not always appreciated that a kick from the dangerous end, would make a punch from Joe Louis seem quite "pansy." Even some owners are apt to overlook this fact, and not very long ago I saw an owner who was given to embracing his horses, give it a great smacking kiss on the hock. There is a saying, however, that the Lord provideth for the drunk and the simple. In my article last week I quoted the price of oats as 33/- a quarter, which is the controlled Government price, I understand that the best oats are unobtainable at this price and trainers are paying 55/- to 60/- a quarter.



IN LAGOS,  
WHERE  
THE SUN IS  
SHINING



**THE PRESENTATION OF**  
(On left) Col. A. S. Mavrogordato.  
Others in the group: Messrs. W. C. C. King,

**MEDALS TO OFFICERS OF THE NIGERIA POLICE**  
P. E. Nicholl, A. C. Luck, G. A. V. de Boissous, R. T. Michelin,  
H. P. G. Hodgkinson, F. D. T. Bird and R. H. F. England



**AT THE LAGOS RACES:**  
COL. A. S. MAVROGORDATO, MRS. F. K. BUTLER  
AND MISS M. BAYLES



**H.E. SIR BERNARD  
BOURDILLON**



**MR. AND MRS. D. BULBIN AND  
MR. AND MRS. G. PORTER  
AT THE RACES**

Not even Hitler can keep a good man down, and Lagos held its Christmas jollifications, including a successful race meeting, just to larn him like! H.E. Sir Bernard Bourdillon, who was appointed to this charge, Nigeria, in 1935, is the "right man for Galway," and is liked by everyone. The Press sniper caught him just after he had been playing golf. Mr. Chemor, who is a Syrian miner, it is understood, had a winner, and another owner, Mr. J. A. Bulger, D.O. in charge of the Ilorin Emirate, came 300 miles to get one! Fine work!



**MR. C. CHEMOR, HIS HORSE "EHDEN,"  
AND JOCKEY**

Colonel Mavrogordato, seen with his officers at the presentation of medals by H.E. the Governor, is the new Commissioner of Police and is no novice to the wiles and ways of the Dark Continent. Mrs. F. K. Butler is the wife of the well-known cricketer, who is the Superintendent of Education, and Mr. Bulbin, seen with wife at the race meeting, is the local Water Superintendent



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Mildewed Adolescence.

**T**HIS Greater War has now been waging five months, so those who remember the War to End War can compare notes. Well, one thing at least shines out resplendent, and that is that this war is infinitely more dignified. Absent are the hysteria and the patriotic gush. White feathers are not distributed by silly, impudent young women to any young man not in khaki upon whom they happened to fix their foolish gazes. Except in rare instances, and these mostly to do with evacuee children, wealthy women are not sending out for publication so many of their photographs, taken either in nursing uniform or surrounded by medical equipment just that afternoon when the Press photographer was known to be coming along. Embarrassed soldiers and sailors are not cheered by strangers, usually women and elderly men, who would not give them a helping hand were these same men in "civvies" and unemployed. No, this war is infinitely more dignified on the home front. Even the insufferable profiteering of the last war is less obvious, more furtive; albeit through fear rather than by self-condemnation. It is altogether a grimmer picture which the world now presents. We are all in it and, human nature being the mildewed adolescent thing it is, this war is likely to do more to end wars than practical logic and Christianity will ever do; or, at any rate, have so far done.

Especially is it grim for those who lived through the last one and, by suffering and pity, were sometimes mortally wounded, not in their bodies, but in their souls. The scars were not healed, would never, they knew, be healed. Yet, within their hearts, they never thought the wounds would be reopened. So the bottom is not only knocked for them out of life itself, but also out of the life-within-life where hope and faith live, and the dreams of human betterment bring with them a greater and greater courage. Personal blame for all this is useless and beside the point. There is born a conviction that human nature so far has proved itself utterly unworthy of the heritage of life, which some believe to be divine. And at least some evidence of this is contained in Mr. Cyril Scott's new book, "Man is My Theme" (Andrew Dakers; 10s. 6d.).

Briefly, his theory is that, in spite of scientific discovery, higher education, greater opportunities for the majority, a wider mental horizon for all those who care to scan, ninety per cent. of human beings have, psychologically speaking, never outlived childhood. Or, as I have so often put it myself in these pages, they grow older without ever growing up. Hence the world arena is just a replica of the nursery and the first form out of school. Individually, some may have reached adolescence, but collectively their reactions to anything new and strange and practical are the reactions of a child towards a cow seen through a carriage window, or a new toy, or playing with matches. Anything grown-up, either ideas, art, literature, politics, religion, learning, amusement or personal relationship, is ignored, or met with complete incomprehension and indifference. They have a child's lack of proper proportion, a child's incapacity to differentiate between false values and true ones. Consequently, where life offers happiness and prosperity, peace and opportunities for real

development, we are once again plunged by the bullies of the playground into the insufferable disaster of yet another war. There is no justice in it and less sense.

Worse still, there seems no cure and small prospect of eventual enlightenment. Unless, peradventure, through a greater and greater disaster, humanity, in a frantic state of self-preservation, grows up in spite of itself and its inclinations. Mr. Scott's examples of their ever-prevalent childishness cover practically the whole field of everyday life. And though they do not lead us anywhere hopefully, they are interesting and often wryly amusing to note. You could quarrel with him many times, but in the main he hits, so to speak, a nasty, provocative nail with an unanswerable hammer. The frightened subservience of the whole German and Russian nations to the dictate of tyrants is, for instance, the personification of childishness. And this state of under-development is apparent everywhere—in religion, in politics, in patriotism (so called), in morals, in amusements, in sport, in social conventions, in newspapers, films and theatres, in family life, and in popular trends of thoughtlessness. There is neither much sense in any of them nor many signs of a true civilisation.

"Man is My Theme" may not tell all the story, but I do believe it reveals a great part of it. Though how to make humanity adult beats him, as it beats any thoughtful observer. He writes: "When man in general has absorbed the idea of his adult childishness he may at length take steps to alter it, and manifest the more graceful conduct of maturity. Only then can there be well-being and peace in the widest sense of the word." Which, it must be confessed, does not take us very far; or, rather, jumps too far ahead. The average man and woman, when they have reached the age of detached thought, usually, by the nature of things, die off; and, in any case, detached thought never had the least influence, or very little, on mere passions. So the only theory which seems feasible to me is the theory that this life is only, so to speak, one lesson in a long, long education. We may learn the lesson or we may not,

(Continued on page 174)



Elwin Neame

## MISS EVELYN HONOR SHUCKBURGH

Whose engagement was announced in the last week of January to Captain Anthony John Burrows, who is a Gunner. The wedding will take place shortly. The bride-elect is the only daughter of the late Sir Gerald Shuckburgh and of Honor Lady Shuckburgh



## CAPTAIN AND MRS. ANTHONY ABEL SMITH

Leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after their wedding on January 26. The bride is the only daughter of the late Major Llewellyn Heywood Jones and Mrs. Llewellyn Jones, of Wanborough, Wilts. Captain Abel Smith, who is in a famous cavalry regiment (now mechanised), is the younger son of Colonel Bertram Abel Smith and the late Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, who was a daughter of the fourth Lord Sudeley





**AT THE FINNISH RED CROSS DANCE UP NORTH**  
L. to r.: Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieut.-Col. Keelan



**ALSO: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WALTER MAXWELL-SCOTT, MRS. CAVENDISH, MRS. NORMAN RICHIE AND LADY MAXWELL-SCOTT**



**AT A WELSH RED CROSS BALL**

L. to r.: Mrs. A. Jenkins, Mr. S. Lewis, Miss Ira Davies, Mr. Noel Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilson, Miss L. Baines, Major George Eldsell of Glenesk, and

Both groups of pictures in this page are concerned with good efforts in good causes, the top collection dealing with a ball in aid of the needs of that gallant country which is fighting the battles of not only ourselves and our ally, France, but of those neutral countries. The ball, held at the Drybrough Abbey Hotel, St. Boswells, in aid of the Finnish Red Cross, was backed up by Borderland society *en masse*, reinforced by Major-General Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, who commanded the



Sub-Leader L. Price, A.T.S. Also: Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Alan Renwick and the Countess of Plymouth, President of the Glamorganshire Red Cross Society



**MRS. RALPH DOWNING, P.O. BROADBENT AND DR. RALPH DOWNING**

Lowland Division up to 1934. Mrs. Clarke is selling tickets for a "draw," and Lieut.-Col. Keelan was formerly in the Indian Army. The other dance was held at the St. Mellons Country Club, near Cardiff. Mr. Noel and Mr. Gwynne Davies, the owners, very generously placed it at the disposal of the Committee. In one picture Mr. Davies (right) is seen handing over the proceeds (£120) to Mr. Aubrey Jenkins, joint honorary secretary of the ball. The Countess of Plymouth brought a party from St. Fagan's Castle, and some of her guests are with her in the picture

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

and why the need of this lesson or what significance the final education, I have no satisfactory conclusions to come to, except, being human, I am egotistical, and revolt against the idea that I am just another silly fool who has made of a lovely world a wilderness, and the grand opportunities of life little more than a tangled skein. Like others of my age, I am getting wiser, but I am getting wiser much too late.

Probably Mr. Scott's book tells me one of the reasons why—if that is any satisfaction. But it is a satisfaction to read a book which confirms so many of my own theories. His evidence has provided my life with more than half its laughing matter, but alas! the evidence has now got beyond a joke. The world's war-mongering, its greed, its fanaticism, its love of persecution, and its unconscious hypocrisy and self-importance have become insufferable. If peace-loving, justice-loving, tolerant and truly Christian people the world over can't unite to govern the world for the ideals which should be each man's inheritance when he is born, I am beginning to think the earth had better be given over to the animals, who seem, at least, to know instinctively how to make the best of their lives while nature allows them to live at all.

#### Thoughts from "Man is My Theme."

"Conditions are as they are because man is as he is. It is not the world that has got people into a mess, but the people who have got the world into a mess."

"Mankind has not yet sufficiently grown up to be ready for a League of Nations."

"Love of power is one of the most insidious forms of adult childishness."

"We progress from the complex to the simple, and the obvious is the very last thing we learn."

"A true philosopher is a man who sees things exactly as they are—and does not mind."

#### Two Good Detective Tales.

Well, even the wisest men have their moments of utter childishness; they are wisest of all when they recognise them as they occur. Most people don't. So who will deny that the continued popularity of murder-cum-detection stories is not an adult form of children playing with the idea of being frightened, knowing all the time there is not the least danger? Unfortunately, so many people seem to choose their mystery stories as haphazardly as they choose their films. Anything which looks like excitement is good enough for them. Quality otherwise doesn't seem to matter.

However, should quality be important, here are the names of two exceptionally good detective novels: "Death at the Bar" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Ngaio Marsh; and "While She Sleeps" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Ethel Lina White. Miss Marsh, anyway, has contrived an original scene for her murder. It occurs during a game of darts in a pub situated in a remote part of Cornwall. Here one evening assemble the innkeeper, his Communist son, a suspiciously shady friend of the latter, three swells from London, pretending that they are entering into rural life unrecognised as urban snobs, a local mischief-maker, and the charming daughter of a local farmer. The shady stranger turns out to be an expert at darts. He can safely throw darts in between the outstretched fingers of anyone who spreads his hand out against the dartboard. One of the London men, a barrister, volunteers for the experiment. The dart

is thrown, misses its objective, and penetrates one of the barrister's fingers. Whereupon he falls down, dying horribly and mysteriously before help can be given. Well, then, what now? There is rat-poison on the premises, there is a touch of cyanide on the dart; there is, indeed, evidence of foul play, but no motive. The local police are, of course, no earthly good, and Scotland Yard is called in. That very gentlemanly detective Alleyn eventually solves the mystery, but so cleverly—and the mystery itself is so mysterious—that here is a murder-story well out of the usual ruck.

Out of this ruck, too, is "While She Sleeps." Miss White is the author of that popular film *The Lady Vanishes*, and this new story should also make good on the screen. Indeed, this fact seems to have been kept so well in mind that the story in its book form is better in plot than in performance. There is not an actual murder in the story, because the victim eventually escapes, and we know all along she will escape—eventually. But in between there is a lot of suspense, and there might possibly have been more had not the criminals seemed such a dull-witted lot, only capable, as the writer describes them, of some petty larceny or burgling an empty house in the black-out. However, the story has atmosphere and certainly holds the attention all the way through.

#### A Sad and Lovely Play.

If you had not the good fortune to see Karel Čapek's moving and lovely play *The Mother*, when it was produced in London just before the war, here is a chance to read it. It has just been published by Allen and Unwin at 3s. 6d., and I can inform you that it reads just as well as it plays; even though, while reading it, you are not haunted by Miss Louise Hampton's beautiful performance as the Mother. It is a play of ghosts—the fear which haunts every mother of children in these days. One by one her sons sacrifice themselves for causes from which their masculine honour forbade them to escape. So this mother watches helplessly while one by one her sons surrender their lives in the service of one masculine ideal after another. The father died years ago in an honourable but futile military affair. The eldest son gives his life in the cause of medical science. Another dies in a revolution, another in an air-crash, and the youngest dies for the freedom of his country against aggression. In the end the mother is left desolate and alone. Yet, in a secret room in the house, she goes to commune with the dead and to fight so far as she can against the influence of those who have passed on, who would call upon those of her children still alive to join them in the Hall of Death. It is a lovely, moving play.



ENTERTAINING THE CANADIANS

The place has to be disguised as "somewhere in Surrey," in case the enemy tries to destroy the Canadians. The hostess, who is a keen and patriotic farmer, is in the picture below. In the one above are (back row) Captain Vicars and Lady Inchcape, daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak, and, they say, its future "Crown Princess"; (in front) Lady Churston, Captain Hutton and Mrs. Armstrong Macdonald



THE HOSTESS, MISS MALA BRAND, AND "CAULIFLOWER" JNR.



# FIGHTING UNITS : No. 18



## THE NTH BATTALION THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT—BY "MEL"

This week our artist returns from his excursus to the skies and the men that look after them and brings us back to the sort of fighting man who has been going on ever since the first caveman dotted his neighbour one on the nose—the P.B.I. Not that I. is necessarily so P.B. nowadays when they have buses like the one in the picture and "portees" and suchlike to carry them from hither to thither. But they remain the core of any fighting force, and, as like as not, will have the last word in this war as in others for quite a long way back

## LONDON AFTER DARK



MR. TOM GRICE, MME. ALICE DELYSIA  
AND MR. EDWARD COOPER AT RECTOR'S



THE HON. CHARLES FITZROY  
AND FRIEND AT THE NEW FLORIDA



CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. RICHARD  
WYNDHAM-QUIN GOING AT "LE BAR JULES"



MR. BOBBY ERRINGTON AND  
MISS ROSEMARY VAN DER BYL



TONY LOW, A.B.,  
DANCING WITH MISS  
JEAN STANDRING



THE HON. IAN CAMPBELL-GRAY  
AND MISS DIANA WYNYARD

These pictures, which show a very healthy contempt on the part of Londoners for possible night alarms, were mostly taken at that amiable spot, the New Florida, where Adelaide Hall holds sway and provides some of the West End's best night entertainment in surroundings reminiscent of the old Cotton Club "on the other side." The Hon. Ian Campbell-Gray, who was with that very excellent actress, Diana Wynyard, is the second son of Baroness Gray and brother of the Master of Gray. He is a distinguished artist and also a brilliant fencer, having taken a prominent part in the last Olympic Games at Berlin in 1936. The Hon. Charles Fitzroy is Lord Southampton's son and heir and a nephew of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was formerly in The Blues and was Joint-Master of the Grove Hunt from 1930 to 1932. Another night spot which is having a great vogue just now is the newly opened Rector's, where the cameraman caught two very popular entertainers in the persons of Edward Cooper and Alice Delysia, now happily recovered from her recent illness and back in the cast of *The French for Love*. Captain Wyndham-Quin Going, who was at "le bar Jules," another popular rendezvous nowadays, with his wife, Lord Rushcliffe's elder daughter, is serving in a famous regiment which we may go so far as to say does not hail from our Southern counties.





BASIL RATHBONE AND MARLENE DIETRICH  
MEET IN A LEISURE MOMENT



BETTE DAVIS, ANITA LOUISE, MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR.,  
AND KAY FRANCIS WORKING FOR A CHARITY PARTY

Marlene (see above) is playing the wild-cat woman in the coming film *Destry Rides Again*, which follows *Band Waggon* at the Leicester Square Theatre, and Basil Rathbone is Richard III. in *The Tower of London*. Basil Rathbone ought to make an excellent job of the King who was referred to by W. Shakespeare as the "bloody dog." Marlene as a fury is something quite new, and if the advance "stills," of which we recently published a selection, are any guide, she ought to be a terrific success. Bette Davis, whose most recent winner has been *The Old Maid*, and her equally famous companions, were snapped hard at work in a good cause. One of Kay Francis's recent films was *In Name Only*, in which she was set to play one of the worst types of vinegar cats. And Joan Crawford plays Cat No. 1 in *The Women*

## STARS IN THEIR COURSES IN THE FILM FIRMAMENT



JOAN CRAWFORD IN A NEW GOWN: SHE IS CAT NO. 1  
IN "THE WOMEN"

AT IRELAND'S GREAT  
RED CROSS 'CHASE

MICKEY BEARY AND  
HIS CHARMING WIFE



MR. H. C. McNALLY,  
"ROYAL DANIELI'S" OWNER



LADY HEMPHILL WITH  
MR. ION VILLIERS STUART



MAJOR DERMOT McCALMONT, M.F.H., MRS. MARSHALL  
AND LADY ALEXANDRA BEASLEY



LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, CAPTAIN BRUEN, LORD CHARLES  
CAVENDISH AND MRS. HUGH DELMEGE

Pooler, Dublin

It takes a good deal in the way of bad weather to keep an Irishman (or woman) away from a steeplechase meeting if there is any kind of a chance of a real battle royal over the obstacles, but no one could have been blamed for shying off Leopardstown the day this big Red Cross 'Chase was run, for the weather was villainous and the course a fair imitation of an Irish bog. It fair anchored "Royal Danieli," who had 12 st. 7 lb. (for popular owner, see above), but better luck at Aintree on April 5. Mickey Beary and Lady Alexandra Beasley represented some of Ireland's brightest riding talent on the flat, she being Lord Wilton's only sister; and Irish foxhunting had an equally distinguished representative in Major Dermot McCalmont; and Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart, who is with Lord Hemphill's very charming American wife, for he is a former Master of the West Waterford. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish "and friends" were snapped whilst Mr. H. L. Egan's "Jack Chaucer" was winning the big 'chase





Antony Beauchamp

### MRS. BRITTEN-JONES—A RECENT PORTRAIT STUDY

Like so many more patriotic people, the beautiful daughter of Major and Mrs. Gregory Hood is hard at work for the Red Cross in the Chelsea area. The duties, as may be known, include ambulance driving and other jobs which are not strictly nursing. During Lord Willingdon's Viceroyalty, Mrs. Britten-Jones stayed with him and Lady Willingdon in India, the then Viceroy being a kinsman. Major and Mrs. Gregory Hood's house in Warwickshire is Loxley Hall, which name has a Tennysonian ring, in spite of the difference in the spelling

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS



JOSEPHINE BAKER ENTERTAINS THE R.A.F. AND THEIR FRENCH OPPOSITE NUMBERS

Whether she sings to them in English or in French, the result is the same—a bumper success—with everybody joining in the choruses and doing their best to lift the roof off

**T**RÈS CHER—I am writing to you from somewhere in *les Vosges*, and the little town in which stands the somewhat grim building that shelters the whole of my world for the moment must be a very lovely place when one is able to open one's eyes sufficiently to see further than a couple of yards ahead on the frozen pavement. From the window in front of which I sit I can see a Christmas-card panorama of pointed, sloping, snow-covered roofs slanting down towards the Moselle . . . at least, I am told so, but that sturdy, winding, swiftly-flowing river now lies imprisoned under the same white blanket as the rest of the town, and the inhabitants tell you that "not since the winter of '17" has their river been entirely frozen. Beyond the south bank, wooded hills climb towards a clear sky in which mingle the twelve pastel shades that are to be worn—so ladies' fashion papers inform us—by every well-dressed woman next spring. The huge room that surrounds me has, for sole decoration on its ink-splashed walls, a blackboard. It is one of the class-rooms of the local college that has been turned into a military hospital. There was precious little magic in the wand that was waved in order to accomplish the deed. A regiment of iron beds dumped about the place haphazard, the lecture-hall turned into a recreation-room, if a few old magazines and a couple of packs of cards may be described as recreation; floor-service kitchens wherever it was possible to connect a gas-stove with a bit of tubing, and bathrooms in process of being made wherever a water-tap might happen to be.

Personally, I have no complaints. In a *pukka* hospital I would no doubt have been obliged to conform with visiting hours, but here the dear old *toubib* major has given me the run of the place from dawn till lights-out. "When you have a moment, Madame," he stipulated however, "you will perhaps run into the *foyer du soldat* and teach them how to



JOSEPHINE "GETTING DOWN TO IT!"

Photos: Schall

play that nice English game with squares and 'x's' and little 'o's'!" The old angel meant "noughts-and-crosses." In point of fact, the men think it enormous fun, but it's a game that has played hell with the nurses' pencils, and since scribbling- and packing-paper have grown scarce, they are obliged to lock up the temperature charts. By a strange lack of foresight, the school authorities were allowed to pack their furniture into the smaller rooms, so that there are no private rooms for the officers, as yet. My stable-mate is alone in an immense class-room that is one of the smaller wards. The nurse and orderlies have ranged the other beds round the walls, and his absurd little camp bedstead stands in state. A small crate, that once contained condensed milk, makes quite a good night table, there is a chair for visitors, and a plank of wood on the central-heating pipes serves as what one might aptly call "instrument-board." But we should worry. The sprawling zigzag line on the chart seems to be evening up to a more decorous wiggle, and it looks very much as if we'll soon—*Deo volente*—have him playing "noughts-and-crosses" with the best of 'em, so what more can I want? Why, nuffin'!

I left Paris at 6.30 one morning, with a nippy little temperature of six degrees below zero, and discovered that Miss

Chrysler had got me into bad habits. I am so accustomed to nip into the garage and tread on her old self-starter that it did not occur to me that Paris might be taxiless at that hour. It was! May I advise you, therefore, O lads on leave, to order your taxi the night before when you want to make an early start. I only had a fair-to-middlin'-modest suitcase with me, so that I was able to hoof it to the nearest Metro-station (yes, I *did* find a taxi when I was half-way there), but some of the British officers I have seen waiting on the steps of the Lutetia almost need a couple of taxis to transport their kit. But then, of course,

the luck of the British Army being proverbial, a British officer waiting on the steps of the Lutetia, or the Ritz, if you prefer, *gets* his two taxis if he wants 'em, aye, even at 6 o'clock on a minus-anything frosty morning!

In my humble second-class carriage, on the train that brought me here, was a Scotch soldier. He proved to be the orderly of a very lordly personage, who suddenly appeared and demanded his "little black case." Scottie got busy. He hunted through the assortment of small luggage, tin-hats, swords, rifles and what-not on the rack. Then he went out in the *couloir* and turned over two kit-bags, a large suit-case, a small valise and a largish wooden box.

However, the "little black case" was not forthcoming. Scottie seemed a bit flushed. "It's not here, sir," he announced at last. "Must have left it in the taxi!" Note the canny Scot—nary a personal pronoun about it! "Well . . . you've got to find it," said the lord of creation, and there was no uncertainty about the "you"! He returned to his first-class carriage, and Scottie ambled off. Half-way down the platform he realised the uselessness of his quest and came back. But the miracle happened. Five minutes later, just as the train pulled out, a porter dashed up: "Monsieur forgot this . . . the taxi-driver brought it back" . . . and the little black case had returned to its base! I arks yer!

PRISCILLA.



## HOLLYWOOD EVENINGS

MR. AND MRS. CLARK GABLE  
(CAROLE LOMBARD)OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, LAURENCE OLIVIER  
AND VIVIEN LEIGH

MR. AND MRS. GARY COOPER

Even though these Hollywood folk seem to have found the time and energy to go places evenings, they are for the most part very busy during the daytime preparing entertainment for other people's evenings out. Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh, as Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara, are the stars of *Gone With the Wind* super-film version of Margaret Mitchell's Civil War best-seller, which was given a very full-dress première recently in Atlanta (Ga.), scene of much of the film's action, and which has taken the States, especially the Southern ones, by storm, in spite of slight preliminary indignation that an English girl should have been picked to portray

CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND  
GEORGE CUKORMR. AND MRS. TYRONE POWER, REGINALD GARDINER  
AND WENDY BARRIE

the "deep S'uth" heroine. Vivien Leigh was, as a matter of fact, born in Darjeeling. Tyrone Power was most recently seen over here as an Indian doctor in *The Rains Came*. He was married last year to Annabella—the charming French star made great by René Clair—with whom he played in *Suez*. George Cukor, who was talking to Claudette Colbert, is the M.-G.-M. ace director who made *The Women*, now repeating the play's success over here. Gary Cooper's latest was *The Real Glory*, a swashbuckling story of American intervention in the Philippine Islands

Photos.: Hyman Fink

## A GREAT SEASON OF BALLET IN NEW YORK



NANA GOLLNER AND ANTON DOLIN  
IN THE "SWAN LAKE" BALLET



KAREN CONRAD (A SWAN PRINCESS)  
AND GREGOR TAKSA (THE EVIL GENIUS)



IN A DRESSING-ROOM: NANA GOLLNER, KAREN CONRAD,  
PATRICIA BOWMAN AND THE DRESSER



NANA GOLLNER, PATRICIA BOWMAN AND KAREN CONRAD  
WITH GREGORY TAKSA AND ANTON DOLIN

The Ballet Theatre, Rockefeller "Center," Radio City, New York, and the promoters have every justification for claiming a place in the history of the ballet, including as it does Anton Dolin in his first famous rôle of Albrecht in *Giselle*, two Fokine ballets, *Les Sylphides* and *The Swan Lake*, re-staged and re-styled for this new organization by their promoters, and five American premières. There is a complete negro unit of fourteen, this in addition to the two dozen white dancers, all under the personal direction of Michel Fokine, and Anton Dolin supporting them.

*Lake*. All the pictures seen above are devoted to *The Swan Lake* ballet, in which Karen Conrad is one of the swan princesses and Anton Dolin supporting her as the evil genius.



# NEW YORK AT THE NEW BALLET THEATRE



NANA GOLLNER, THE YOUNG AMERICAN  
BALLERINA IN "SWAN LAKE"



PATRICIA BOWMAN, VLADIMIR DOKOUDOVSKY  
AND ANTON DOLIN



KAREN CONRAD, THE PRINCIPAL BALLERINAS,  
ANTON DOLIN (THE PRINCE)



LUCINDA BALLARD (THE DESIGNER) PINS ON KAREN CONRAD'S  
HEAD-DRESS; (ON LEFT) GREGOR TAKSA

New York, opened a three-weeks' season of terrific brilliance, proving that it is one of the greatest collaborations in ballet history. The first appearance in America in, amongst other things, his *Sylphides* and *Carnaval*, and Mordkin's *Voices of Spring*, the originators. They crowded in twenty-one ballets, six world corps de ballet of fifty-six, a Spanish unit of twelve and a number of so principals. All the Fokine ballets were revived. Anton Dolin was the choreographer of *Giselle* and *The Swan Lake*. Nana Gollner and Patricia Bowman, two entrancing young Americans, played the rôle of the Prince, and Gregor Taksa providing a thoroughly adequate evil genius.

## LETTER TO A LADY

From MICHAEL ARLEN

**M**Y DEAR ATALANTA—You are lucky not to be in London these days, for it is very dull. Many of the most prominent citizens are playing cricket, while the rest of us are watching and yawning. Until this war started I was always under the impression that cricket was an unbelievably dull game played in the summer. I was wrong. Cricket is an unbelievably dull game played all the year round by our leaders and betters, and anyone who does not join in and LEND A HAND is a cad. One of the jolliest games of cricket played this season was in celebration of the smack in the kisser given to Mr. Hore-Belisha by his boss. They were supposed to be debating whether this smack in the kisser was in the public interest or not, but instead they had the jolliest game of cricket imaginable. Mr. Chamberlain bowled very well in his saintly way, while Mr. Hore-Belisha batted like a real gentleman, and Mr. Attlee fielded with refinement. It would have been such a nice moment for some cad or dago to join in the game by blowing his nose in his old school tie, but all the same it does the public good to know that the boys in the House of Commons are such jolly decent cricketers, and we all hope that they will grow up into fine strong men, bless them, and be a credit to their daddies. However, a point to be remembered by foreigners is that cricketers *do* always win wars—in the long run. It's just that "long run" that bothers many of us. That pride in "muddling through." Couldn't one, just for a nice change, *not* muddle through but just go bang through—and then return to playing cricket when the Germans are beaten?

I lunched yesterday with our old friend Edward. He looks very fine as a Brigadier, but he had a very long face. He says he works like a beaver all day and every day at the War Office and after that it's a bit thick to find himself in bed with a sergeant. He says that his wife's uniform is getting on his nerves to such a degree that he suffers from a recurring nightmare in which he is trapped in a sinking submarine with a bevy of elderly chorus-girls in khaki tights.

You ask me why I have not sent you Louis Bromfield's new book, as you hear it is excellent. The answer is that I have not bought

it and shall not buy it, because I think Louis has behaved like a heel. Heel is American for louse. I do not see why we should give an American novelist any bit of our money when he is the kind of American novelist who can write in a pamphlet, as Louis did after the Czech crisis, that he considers the English are an effete and decaying and snobbish and cowardly and third-rate people. He is an American and entitled to dislike us, and I don't give a goddam if he dislikes us or not, but I am not going to give him any of my money. Very well, darling, my name is Colonel Blimp Arlen, but all the same I deprecate an excessive amount of tolerance in these tough days, and our slogan should be that we dislike those who dislike us. And for that reason I spit in Colonel Lindbergh's eye. And I spit in L. Bromfield's eye also.

If Tommy and Betty are coming to London next week, I shall get them seats for *All Clear*. Beatrice Lillie is more completely adorable than ever, and I could see her international spy act every night. She had supper with me afterwards and she was wearing a hat which must have come out of a Christmas cracker but it suited her. But maybe I had

better not go on about women's hats, for I have been in trouble enough already.

I have very little news for you. There is a rumour that Mr. Chamberlain cannot walk out at night owing to the difficulty of dimming his halo, but I don't suppose it's really true, and anyway he can always open that umbrella. I saw your friend Margaret yesterday, and she had a black eye. It is really quite difficult to talk naturally with a woman with a black eye, and so at last I asked who had socked her and she said her mother had in an argument. Really some people have the most thrilling domestic lives.

Your son writes to me from school that he wants a box of figs and a bag of nails. Listen, what kind of a son have you landed me with? It really is a bit thick to expect a doddering old man to go cheeing about London in search of figs and nails. And why does he want them *together*? Does he want to nail the figs to his tummy or what? I shall send him some dates and drawing-pins just to see what happens. My love to you. M.



MRS. MORTIMER WHEELER

Vivienne

A recent portrait of the beautiful wife of Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, the distinguished archaeologist, who has been Keeper and Secretary of the London Museum since 1926. Mrs. Wheeler was formerly married to the late Horace de Vere Cole, brother of Mrs. Neville Chamberlain



## SPIN FOR VICTORY !



LULLINGSTONE CASTLE, HOME OF THREE MILLION WAR-WORKERS



LADY HART DYKE AT HER DESK, FROM WHICH ENGLAND'S SILKWORM INDUSTRY IS DIRECTED



LADY HART DYKE FEEDING SOME OF HER SILKWORMS



TWO ASSISTANTS WITH BASKETS OF COCOONS

Lullingstone Castle, historic Tudor home in Kent of Sir Oliver and Lady Hart Dyke, has long been the centre of this country's silkworm industry, an industry which takes on a new importance in wartime, when the silk produced there is used for R.A.F. parachutes and in an emergency may become the principal source of that very necessary commodity. Three million silkworms are cared for by a permanent staff of fifteen under the supervision of Lady Hart Dyke. Twenty-five of the castle's fifty-four rooms are given over to the work, for the maintenance of which two hundred thousand eggs are imported every two years from Marseilles, and seventy-five tons of mulberry leaves are used annually for food. Lady Hart Dyke is a daughter of Dr. Mayston Bond, and was married to Sir Oliver, whose baronetcy dates from 1677, in 1922. They have three children, two sons and a daughter

# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MAN was telling his wife at breakfast of a curious dream that he had had the previous night.

"I dreamt I was dead," he said, "and was on my way to Heaven. At the foot of Jacob's Ladder I was handed a piece of chalk, with instructions to put a cross on each step for each sin I had committed, and when I was half-way up I met you coming down."

"Refused admittance?"

"No, dear, for my chalk."

The rather inferior American actor walked proudly to the centre of the stage. He raised a hand, and beamed down at the large audience.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I sincerely trust that you will all enjoy my performance. For my opening number I'd like to do an impersonation of Rudy Vallée."

The orchestra swung into an introduction and the actor began to croon. The audience soon grew restless, and by the time the song was over the boos and hisses were heard from all parts of the theatre.

The performer looked around in bewilderment.

"Gee!" he mumbled, "that Vallée must be terrible!"

An American visitor was taken to Trafalgar Square, where his eagle eye soon spotted the Nelson Column.

"Who is that guy at the top?" he asked.

"That's Nelson," replied his English companion.

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Oh," the Englishman said proudly, "he's the man who made England what she is."

"Too bad," said the other sadly. "Too bad to blame it all on one man."

A farmer gave a job to a seedy-looking individual who had assured him that he never got tired. When the employer went to the field where he had put the tramp to work, he found the latter lolling on his back under a tree.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "I thought you told me you were a man who never got tired?"

"I don't," responded the tramp calmly. "This doesn't tire me."

He had been married for the second time, and some months later an old friend asked:

"Has your present wife a more even temper than your first one had?"

"More even? I should say not. Even more," he replied with emphasis.



MRS. WALT DISNEY, WALT PFEIFFER  
AND WALT DISNEY

The great creator of Mickey Mouse has completed his second full-length picture, *Pinocchio*, and it is nearly ready to be shown to the public. Walt Pfeiffer has worked with the other Walt since his earliest days as a film cartoonist and is a very valued member of the studio staff. Mrs. Disney, who was married in 1925, was formerly Miss Lillian Marie Bounds, of Lewiston, Idaho.

"What a magnificent reception your wife gave last night, old man!" enthused one of the guests. "Everything absolutely perfect. But I'm sure you had a voice in the arrangements."

"I did," replied the host drily. "The invoice."

A traveller in a remote village stopped his car and hailed an ancient yokel ambling along the road.

"I say, old man, can you direct me to your A.R.P. headquarters?"

"A.R.P., sorr? I ain't 'eart nought o' they."

"You've not heard of A.R.P.? Good heavens, man! Haven't you heard that there's a war on?"

"Aye, sorr—Oi've 'eard talk of t' war."

"You know about the war and yet you know nothing about A.R.P.?"

"Why would Oi want to be troublin' me 'ead about that, sorr? All Oi wants to know is, 'ave they relieved Mafeking yet?"

Two evacuees, aged seven and nine respectively, were discussing the situation.

Asked one: "Say, Jack, how do you like your lodgings?"

Said the other: "Lodgings? First it's 'Wash yer hands,' next it's 'Wash yer face,' then it's 'Wash yer neck.' It's a lot of bloomin' ducks they want 'ere!"

It was after the raid and the pilots were clambering out of their machines, very pleased with themselves.

But one man began to shake violently, and put his hand to his head. They led him to the mess. They gave him brandy after brandy, but still his hand shook.

Presently the M.O. arrived.

"Steady, boy," he said. "Nerves."

"Nerves be jiggered!" said the patient. "I can't get this wrist-watch to go!"



JANE WYMAN IN A BOWLING-ALLEY

She had just knocked 'em all down when the camera fired. Jane Wyman is a Warner Brothers lovely and is starred in their picture *Torchy Plays with Dynamite*



# "AS YOU ARE" AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE



MORLAND GRAHAM (ARNOLD STEWKINS — PIGEON-FANCIER)



EDWARD CHAPMAN (THE HUSBAND), ELLIOT MASON (THE MOTHER-IN-LAW), DIANA CHURCHILL (THE WIFE)



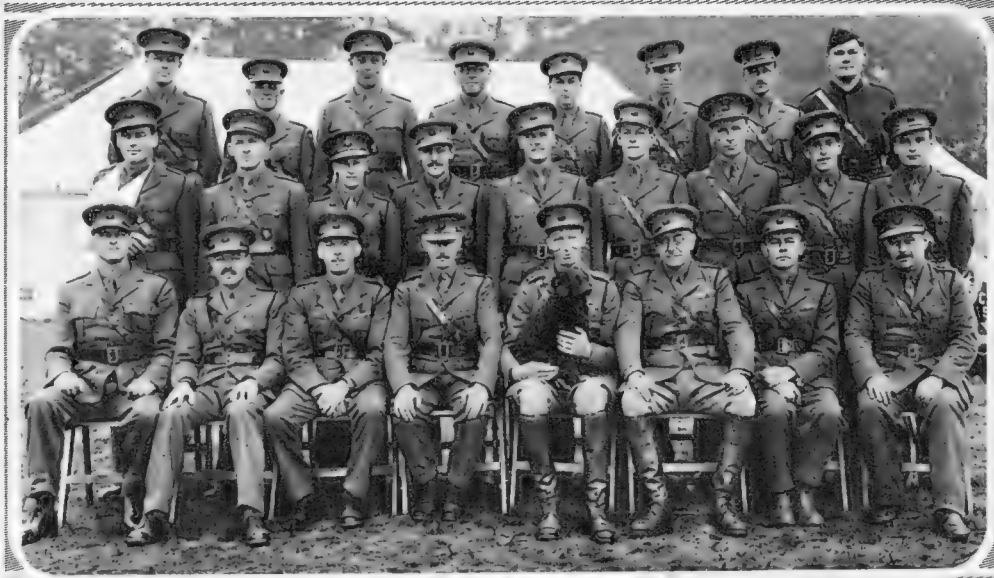
JOAN HICKSON (THE TYPIST), R. MEADOWS WHITE AND HUGH DEMPSTER (THE BOSSES)

O. B. CLARENCE, THE OLD DIRECTOR

RICHARD LITTLEDÁLE, MODERN DESIGNER OF SCANTIES AND PANTIES

Hugh Mills' and Wells Root's amusing little comedy all about the old Victorian milliner's reaction to the modern scanty-panty idea is as happy in its new home, the Whitehall, as it was in its original one at the Aldwych, and the "transparencies" scene, in which Diana Churchill, Edward Chapman and O. B. Clarence squeeze a lot of fun, is about the best in the play. An oppressive mother-in-law is seen being suitably dealt with in Tom Titt's picture at the top of the page, and the amusing "typiste" study by Joan Hickson is another bright little spot in the production. Mr. O. B. Clarence, the Victorian and highly-respectable milliner, is displayed by Tom Titt at a moment when he is reeling at the sight of what a modern female would consider the last squeak in "underneath."

*As You Are* is the very thing to lighten the tiresome black-out hours



THE C.O. AND OFFICERS THE Nth QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES, K.R.R.C.

The Queen Victoria's Rifles whose present designation is given above, was the 9th London Regiment, and is one of the many Territorial battalions of the famous Rifle Regiment. Like many more units of our rapidly expanding Army, the battalion is in hard battle-training somewhere in these islands. The full names are: (front row, sitting; l. to r.) Captain the Hon. J. Lindsay, Captain C. P. de Paravicini, Captain A. L. Gracie, M.C., Major H. F. F. Farrer (second in command), Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Butler, M.V.O., M.C. (C.O.), Major C. R. Fryer, M.C. (Adj.), Captain H. Samuelson, Captain D. Glyn Owen; (middle row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. H. P. M. Bower, Lieut. F. C. Durbin, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lieuts. I. C. Scott, D. B. Adams, G. D. Leyland, M. Wagg, J. A. T. Morgan, Lieut. G. E. J. Benn, 2nd Lieut. T. E. W. Waddington; (top row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. T. S. Lucas, Lieut. A. J. Ryall, 2nd Lieuts. the Hon. Pleydell-Bouverie, P. J. Bradford, R. S. Grigg, G. D. North-Lewis, Lieut. G. E. Jones, 2nd Lieut. R. Matthew

THE engaging and voluble Herr Thyssen, steel magnate, who told the world that all the German *matériel* was *ersatz* and therefore no good, has been ticketed by our unsentimental Allies a Hitler propaganda agent. The other German who reported all those verbatim conversations has not yet had that label pinned on him.

\* \* \*

Belated though they be, owing to the exigencies of weekly illustrated journalism, these congratulations to the most eminent figure in the world of sport upon his eighty-third birthday are none the less sincere. Lord Lonsdale is one of whom it may truly be said that he made rather than broke records in almost everything that he did. For instance, when, during his very brilliant Mastership of the Quorn, he had his headquarters at Barleythorpe, which is in the Cottesmore country, he thought nothing of going to covert on a galloping hack, hunting all day and getting back at night

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. ROMILLY  
IN A MIAMI CAFÉ

Mrs. Romilly is one of the younger of Lord and Lady Redesdale's daughters and a sister of Miss Unity Mitford. Mr. Romilly has a business interest in the Miami restaurant in which they are both working and the picture was taken there

## Pictures in the Fire

DANISH ROYALTY AT A WOMEN'S AUXILIARY SERVICE  
MEETING IN COPENHAGEN

Queen Alexandrine of Denmark and the Crown Princess Ingrid, formerly the Princess Ingrid of Sweden, at the recent meeting in the Town Hall. The anxieties of Denmark and the Scandinavian countries in the present circumstances are easily understandable

by the same method. This, of course, was done in what we call the "good old days," but no other modern Master does it. During his times in The Shires (Quorn, Cottesmore, Woodland, Pytchley), he rode more racehorses as hunters than anyone else has ever done. Any horse that has been raced is apt to be too much in front of his bridle to be a pleasant, or even a particularly safe, conveyance with hounds, and it is only those with hands of the same quality as Lord Lonsdale's who could hope to make a real success of it. I once heard it said by an admirer that he was "riveted on." Never was anything less true.

A rivet is something in which there is no give and take: elasticity plus a firm, not a rigid, seat; is the real foundation-stone to good hands. Tact, of course, is a *sine qua non*!

This is a complete list of the racehorses Lord Lonsdale rode as hunters: Gazetteer, who won, amongst other races, the 1000 sovs. Hurst Park Club Summer Handicap in 1895; Lord Marmion (also ridden by Ben Capell, the Cottesmore huntsman, father of Nimrod); Gradient, Tadcaster, Bickerstaffe, on which horse, incidentally, Maunsell Richardson won his first race on the flat; King Lud, winner of the Cesarewitch, 1873; Hesper, Whitehaven, Blue Blood, Lady Stanley and Capuchin. A pretty useful list!

Lord Lonsdale is not, of course, the only Master of Hounds who has made racehorses into hunters, for there is the memorable instance of Captain Frank Forester (Quorn, 1905-18), who hunted hounds off Christmas Daisy, who won the Cambridgeshire two years in succession, 1909-10, and no doubt there are



"DEMP," WIFE AND FAMILY IN "MY-AMMY"

The former world champ. was in Miami to attend the dedication of the Tex Rickard Memorial Pool; Tex, of course, being the famous fight promoter. The two little daughters are Barbara (left) and Joan, and they had all just arrived when snapped



By "SABRETACHE"



#### AN A.R.P. DINNER IN LONDON

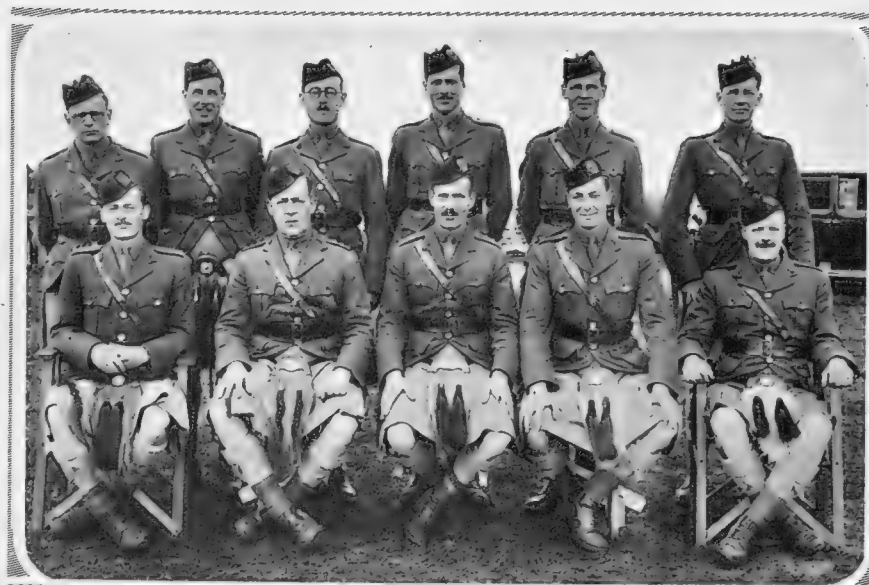
The special occasion was an entertainment to Harrods' Special Police and A.R.P. personnel, of which Sir Woodman Burbidge said his staff could count 700 fully trained. The host is on the right, the Commissioner of Police, Sir Philip Game, guest of honour, in the centre, and Commander C. Davis Jackson on the left

some other cases, but I am sure Lord Lonsdale's long list is a record. He is the only Master of Hounds who, while on the active list, has been the host of an Emperor and has bought and schooled the hunters of an Empress. The Emperor is the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II., the Empress the beautiful Elizabeth of Austria. Another record: Lord Lonsdale is the only one who has broken Chandler's 37 ft. over water at Warwick, for when he had the Quorn he jumped a double flight of rails; the first lot having wire running along the top, and the total distance cleared was 38 ft. 4 in.: careful measurement, I understand, having been made very shortly after this occurrence. Lord Lonsdale is the only amateur who was able to stand up to John L. Sullivan, and he won a walking



#### AT SOME RECENT AIR MANŒUVRES AT MIAMI, FLA.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Bancroft and H.E. the Governor of the Bahamas, Sir Charles Dundas, who all flew over from the islands to be present at the All-America Air manœuvres. Mr. Bancroft is the Attorney-General of the Bahamas



#### SOME OFFICERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH

The lads in Hodden Grey hold the proud distinction of having been the first Territorial unit to get into the Boche with the cold steel in the first German war. They are linked with the Gordons

The names in the above group are: (l. to r.; back row) 2nd Lieut. R. W. G. Macpherson, J. C. Hollebhone, I. McKenzie, B. Davis, K. S. Hollebhone, R. A. Corley; (l. to r.; front row) 2nd Lieut. H. A. F. Graham, Captain G. Fell Clark, Captain H. J. Wilson, 2nd Lieuts. J. C. Thomson and R. M. Fraser

champion, the distance, I think I am right in saying, 100 miles. These are records that may never be equalled in our time or any other, and are some indication of the quality and stamina of the man who achieved them. There is another record which I am sure is quite unique. Lord Lonsdale is the only man who has shown that very handsome Northumberland Hussar full-dress kit east of Suez. This was when he was the late Lord Curzon's guest in India, and wore it at a State ball. As I remember the kit, it was dark greeny-blue, the pelisse being bordered with astrakhan. It completely eclipsed anything that the Indian Light Cavalry from Madras and Bombay had to show, and even outshone the yellow of Skinner's Horse.

But it will not be for any of these things that Lord Lonsdale will always be remembered, but for his unfailing good humour and kindness of heart. Personally, I should like once again to thank him for the aid he has given me at various times with valuable information and advice upon matters which interest me closely.

One of the nicest touches hitherto supplied in this war was by the R.A.F. people who did that amazing reconnaissance flight over Vienna. They sang "The Blue Danube," and it is unfortunate that the inhabitants of that once gay city could not hear them. It might have cheered them up and helped them to forget that Adolf Hitler is Austrian

born. The fact that the R.A.F. were able to sing about the Danube, blue or otherwise, when they must have been blue with the cold, shows us what kind of lads they are. Up in the air they have to make their own music, but on the ground many units have their own amateur bands, plus, of course, the wireless; but, all the same, gramophone records are still welcome. After this "Blue Danube" effort, they deserve a full ration of the great Johann's works.



#### LORD EXETER AND SOME OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE A.T.S.

The Marquess of Exeter, Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, snapped with members of the Northamptonshire A.T.S. whom he inspected recently. Next to Lord Exeter is Mrs. R. M. Raynsford, of Milton Manor, Northants., who is the County Commandant, and the rest are some of the officers in the A.T.S. Northamptonshire Command

# THE ACTOR

By M. HAWKIN

ON the gate was written only "The Van Verschuyt Home," and the sombre drive might have led up to an old country house. A real-estate speculator who had once bought land near by had made representations to the governors, claiming that an announcement of the Home's purpose would cast a slur on the neighbourhood and damage the value of his property. So from the plate on the gate a passer-by might have pleased himself to consider the Van Verschuyt Home a kindergarten. But had he gone so far as to enquire at the lodge, he would have seen, on peering into that dim front room, that a sub-machine-gun hung within easy reach on a wall.

Three people now stood by the lodge of the Van Verschuyt Home for Dangerous Lunatics, waiting for the lodgekeeper to pass them up the drive. This he did, and they tramped off into the tunnel of trees, their steps padding on the fallen leaves. When they rounded the bend, the low, irregular buildings came into sight, their tiny windows peeking malevolently at the visitors. In the age of faith before the age of reason the madhouse had been a convent, and its layout round a central court was then as effective in keeping the world out as now it was in keeping the denizens in. A vaulted gateway gave entrance to the court, and this was furnished with high, barred gates. Above the gateway reared a squat tower, in which lived the Principal of the Home. Divining the presence there of their host, the three men cast up their eyes to its windows.

"Did you see anything at that small window?" asked the youngest of the three, a medical journalist.

"No," replied the brain specialist.

"What did you think you saw?" asked the theatrical agent.

"I don't quite know. A face." The journalist stated the last word with a peculiar emphasis. Yet, as a man of the world, he knew that faces did often appear at windows.

"Probably was a face," said the specialist.

"A laughing face," said the journalist a little later.

The party showed the gatekeeper their cards and the gates were opened and closed.

"I'll let the chief know you're here," said the man. After ringing through, he asked, "Is Mr. Rosen with you?"

"No," said the agent. "He was kept at the last minute. I'm his partner. It's on my card."

The gatekeeper told the telephone this.

"You're to go up," he said. "Round to the right and up the spiral staircase. It's got 'Governor' painted up. Only we call him 'Principal' now. I can't leave the lodge to show you. There's only two others of us and they're having tea."

Half-way up the spiral another stairway led off towards the tower room and the party groped up this, down two more steps into an ante-chamber, and stopped before a door dimly marked "Governor." Before they knocked, it was swiftly opened.

"Come in, gentlemen," said the Principal.

The journalist led the three. When they were inside, the visitors faced round to their host, who stood with his back to the closed door. There was a moment's silence. Then he said, "Good afternoon." In the hearth was a plate of crumpets and a tray of cups. The teapot stood on the hob.

"I will not waste your time," said the Principal. "Your valuable time. Pray help yourselves to tea—I hate to have servants messing around at these interviews. You are Mr. Van Verschuyt, junior, I take it?" he said to the brain specialist. "You are Mr. Stubbs, of Rosen and Stubbs. So disappointed Bill Rosen couldn't come. And this gentleman?"

"Mr. Richmond, of the *Medical Gazette*. We had your letter inviting him, you know."

"Of course. But I did not know his name."

The Principal backed to his desk and sat down, without taking his eyes off his visitors. "Habit of dealing with lunatics," noted the journalist in his mind.

Soon the party was settled and provided with refreshment. "I will not waste your valuable time," said the Principal. "You have come to see Morgan, the great actor, the paranoiac. I say to you, Morgan cannot be seen. His condition—"

"Oh, but surely—" said the specialist, a plump man of thirty-two.

"No!" cried the Principal. Then, more quietly, "I am sorry, Mr. Van Verschuyt, but there are reasons. I am a

new man here and you must let me have new ideas. Morgan, great actor that he was, great actor that he still is, has always been sensitive to human eyes. He knows when he is being watched. And at present . . . Why," and the Principal's voice dropped, "do you know what they used to say of Morgan? They used to say that he could tell if one pair of eyes in a big house was wandering from him during the tenser moments of a play. It must be almost terrible to be so sensitive to eyes."

"Bill Rosen told me that often," said the theatrical agent.

"Rosen was an old friend and admirer of Morgan's, was he not? A great pity that he couldn't come to-day. It is the first of these annual visits that he has missed, I believe. Let me see, Mr. Van Verschuyt, it is also your first visit? So none of you has seen Morgan?"

The three agreed.

"Didn't you have some trouble with Morgan lately?" asked the journalist.

"We are always having trouble with Morgan. You know that a paranoiac can be the most malevolent of madmen, exercising great patience and cunning to further the schemes of his diseased mind? For nine months once, Morgan acted quite sane. I say 'acted' on purpose, for as soon as he was given a trial outing he killed one man and maimed another with the greatest relish. Yet he gave no hint of the fury until the right moment. Timing! Perfect timing!"

"Now, it is my conviction that through all those patient nine months Morgan knew his homicidal intentions better than any man who gets hung for a murder committed in hot blood. That is why Morgan is certified, because he wants to do violence all the time and the normal man only wants to do these things occasionally."

"And so the normal, well-wishing man who gives way to impulse once in thirty or forty years gets hung, while Morgan, with a permanent desire to kill, is preserved," said the journalist.

"There we embark on a question of jurisprudence. If the committer of a crime is not aware it is a crime, should he be penalised? Morgan's brain is mostly darkened, so that in pursuing his ends he is following a moral system developed, say, by some ape of the Ice Age. Unfortunately, the education and resourcefulness of modern man is imposed on this background. Do you know what? Morgan could be arguing with us here, or listening to this argument, and appreciating every point."

"Once he came up here: I found him waiting for me in that ante-chamber. We never discovered how he got loose. But I fooled him. I said, 'My dear Morgan, you're so clever it's you who ought to be Principal, and I ought to be in your cell. I'll go right off and lock myself up.' He let me walk away and I sent the men up after him at once. He fell into the trap because I had read his mind perfectly. It was just that he thought that I ought to be locked in his cell. How he hated me for that! I often used to go and reason with him in his quarters, but he would only look at me out of his small eyes and say 'I'll get you yet. Make no mistake.' The Principal gave an unpleasantly realistic imitation of the thick voice of the paranoiac."

The three visitors had put their tea-cups down and sat, empty-handed, glancing at each other. There was a crackle. The Principal opened his fist with a start. He had crumpled a box of matches into fragments. Looking at his trembling hand, the visitors saw for the first time that the two middle fingers were missing.

"It's very curious that you men should have come this afternoon," he went on softly. "Because you wanted your annual report on Morgan for the Stage Benevolent Society, didn't you? Well, Morgan got loose again this afternoon and he isn't back in his cell yet. That's why you can't see him. You understand? Morgan's cell is empty!"

The specialist jumped up. "Empty? Morgan is at large? We should have been warned! The lodgekeeper should have told us! Why, he might be—"

The fire draught echoed in the chimney and the kettle sang wheezily, and suddenly that old room in the tower seemed pervaded with the significance of the madman's personality, of the existence that had collapsed from fine talent to bestial cunning.

(Continued on page vii)





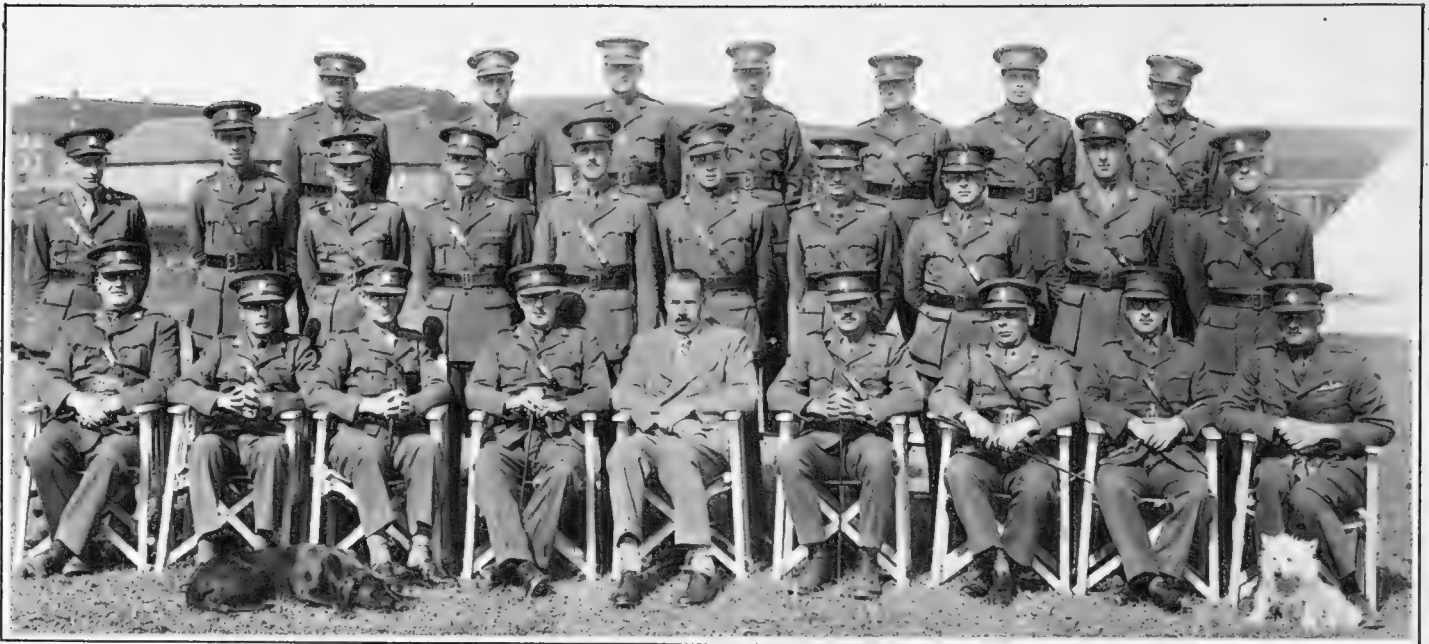
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in  
England"  
tonight!*

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The names of those in the group above are: (l. to r.; back row) 2nd Lieut. C. G. Johnston, 2nd Lieut. T. S. Passmore, 2nd Lieut. J. T. Kelly, 2nd Lieut. F. C. Hall, 2nd Lieut. I. G. H. Campbell, 2nd Lieut. E. S. Beverley, Captain C. J. McC. Alport; (middle row) Lieut. D. H. Flint, 2nd Lieut. J. C. Hugill, 2nd Lieut. K. L. Young, Lieut. C. G. Cumes, 2nd Lieut. A. W. Horner, 2nd Lieut. D. F. Muirhead, 2nd Lieut. D. J. Elton, Lieut. G. C. Williams, Lieut. J. H. A. Tanner, and 2nd Lieut. J. S. Bare; (front row) Lieut. P. B. Greenway, Major A. N. Browning, Major W. P. S. Curtis (The Rifle Brigade), (Adjutant), Lieut.-Col. R. R. Cripps (C.O.), Colonel the Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (Hon. Col.), Major P. G. R. Burford (second in command), Major H. Hubble, M.C. (Quartermaster), Capt. T. McK. Robb, R.A.M.C. (M.O.), Capt. L. I. T. Whitaker, The Rifle Brigade, Chief Instructor. The dogs are "Kim" and "Soda."

## Strange Collisions.

I HAVE slain a badger with a bumper, a thrush with a tennis-ball, and a pheasant with a windscreen. But the most extraordinary animal-cum-car collision I've ever heard of occurred recently on the North Oxford by-pass. The mist froze so quickly on the screen of one car that its owner had to drive with it open. Edging his way in to the centre of the three tracks, he was about to overtake a lorry when he came into collision with another car. The succeeding cannon knocked a wheel or hub-disc off one car and sent it hurtling through the air, where it picked off a bird that had selected that very moment to fly across the road.

The incident illustrates one of the fundamental dangers of a three-track system. Even when there is no mist or fog, the danger of head-on collision occurs every time one car draws out from behind another in an effort to overtake it. Some years ago, on the Watford by-pass, I saw this actually happen out of the corner of my eye. Visibility was limited by fog to ten yards. Fearing to overtake on the middle track, I had crawled behind a lorry for some miles. And then a driver who was following me suddenly decided to take a chance. When he was nearly level with my car and right in the middle of the centre track, the bonnet of another car appeared, also taking the middle track but going in the opposite direction. Its owner had also decided to take a chance. The next thing I heard was the crunch of the collision somewhere astern. I'm afraid I had no sympathy with those motorists; they were asking for an accident, and got it.

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

But had the by-pass been of the twin-track type, in which the up and down roads are separated, there would have been no smash. It has taken our road engineers a long, long time to realise the advantages of the twin track as opposed to the three-way system. One of the best examples of the result of lack of foresight is provided by the Kingston by-pass. The centre section of this road has now been converted into a twin track, the up and down roads being divided by high railings. At distant intervals the railings are discontinued to allow pedestrians to cross. Otherwise they have to use the bridges, and, at some later date, the subways. The railings must be a frightful inconvenience for the inhabitants of the by-pass houses, and also for tradesmen. For although neighbours may live just across the road, it may mean a quarter-mile walk before one can reach them.

The only alternative would be to establish a signalling system, and thus, having attracted one's friends' attention, carry on a chin-wag like criminals between the bars of a prison.

## Lighted Signposts at Last.

If the black-out has done nothing else, it has brought the illuminated signpost into being. In some parts of the country, the R.A.C. road-signs have been fitted with shielded lights. In other parts, a strip-light is mounted over the name on the post, while an excellent alternative is provided by a box lit from the inside and carrying the names of the places in translucent letters on its sides. In some cases, the box is set a few feet from the ground, where, even had the names not been illuminated, the low beam of the masked head-lamp would have picked them out.



SKATING IN YORKSHIRE

Victor Hey

It is no news now—even to the enemy—that this winter has had its colder moments and that skating has been general in England. Among those who took advantage of the conditions were those brilliant English pair-skaters, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anderson of Scarborough, who have won many championships in customarily icier climes and this year have been able to "show the neighbours" almost on their own back door-step.



-and soda by Schweppes of course



# AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## Work or Play.

**A**RE we fighting, or are we fiddling? That question intrudes itself every time one studies the progress of the war in the air so far as it is revealed and reflected in the daily newspapers. Much more attention is directed at the futilities of fancy ferrywomen and at those marshalled instances of self-abuse, women in uniform, than at the difficult and dangerous feats of the pilots and aircraft crews of the Royal Air Force who are really doing a job of work and really helping to win the war.

The papers are filled with pictures of women bandsmen—or mannish bandswomen—looking imposingly inane while all the time the aircraft crews are out being shot at and not a word said. Nor is this misplaced emphasis unimportant. Nothing could lead more rapidly to a declining morale in the fighting services than a concentration of attention, admiration, and even monetary reward on the women who waddle in wadding and batten on tailors and a concurrent neglect of the work of those who accept the ultimate risk. Those publicised ferrywomen are getting more reward out of our hard-pressed country for amusing themselves than some of the air gunners who are liable to have their insides shot out every time they go over enemy territory.

## Silly Side Up.

**P**ublicity is all very well when there is no real work to be done, but when it boosts silliness and keeps courage dark, it is time to protest in the strongest terms. It is partly the Air Ministry's fault. Since the war started it has been busy putting the emphasis on the silly side of everything. It pours out news-letters and other documents at a rate which would make an ordinary printing works green with envy and it always brings out the silly side. It sometimes makes the work of the Royal Air Force look ridiculous. It often talks the language of the more irresponsible daily newspapers, but it fails to get their glitter. It almost

the easiest war in history. Remember that, when the necessity arises, women can replace men without making themselves hideous in grotesque uniforms. I think and hope that when the real pressure comes, these women will be sent



"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

A recent snap of Squadron Leader Reggie Leslie and his wife, taken at Rector's, one of London's smartest night-clubs, which has reopened

back to do something more suited to their talents and that the nation's effort will be more efficiently used. Women should remember that—when all is said and done—they are not just an inferior brand of man.

## Atlantic Route.

**S**ir Alan Cobham is advocating an all-the-year Atlantic air route, and in an article in the February issue of *Aeronautics* he makes out a good case for one. He proposes that the machines should go *via* the Azores and be refuelled in the air there. Briefly the point is that the Azores are difficult and dangerous as an alighting-place for large flying-boats, but practicable as a regular alighting-place for tankers operated

by pilots who know the local conditions. So Sir Alan suggests that the tankers be stationed there and be used to make contact in the air with the big flying-boats and to fill them up as they pass.

Personally I feel that Sir Alan's plan is well worth the attention of the authorities, because an all-the-year line would be an immense advantage. It would be much more than double the value of a summer line, because, in all communications, regularity and habit play parts of great importance. You cannot get people to acquire the habit of using a line that closes down for part of each year.

Flight refuelling, touching which Sir Alan gives the latest information, is a proved process and there seems to be no reason against using it for this purpose. At any rate, Imperial Airways spent time and money on developing it.

If the company, through its successor, British Overseas Airways, does nothing further about either refuelling in flight or composite launching, there will be a case for an inquiry. But this much remains true: that if, as has been said, rapid communications with Canada and America will help us to win this war, an all-the-year Atlantic air line must be established.

O. S.



Lafayette

## AIR MARSHAL R. WILLIAMS

A recent R.A.F. promotion was that of Air Vice-Marshal Williams, of the Royal Australian Air Force, Officer in charge of Administration, Coastal Command, to Air Marshal in charge of Empire air-training in Australia. Air Marshal Williams was formerly Chief of Staff of the R.A.A.F.

asks that the trousered and marching neuters shall be more revered and more looked up to than the fighting men.

Yet if this war is really going to be won by women in ugly uniforms and by women pilots doing jobs which would provide useful practice for men pilots, it is going to be



## EXPERT ADVISER

In his new film now in production Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is called on to go flying all over Africa, and Mrs. Beryl Markham, the famous airwoman, who has lived in Kenya and knows the Dark Continent from the air better than most, has been called in to give expert advice. Mrs. Markham also made a notable Transatlantic flight in 1936



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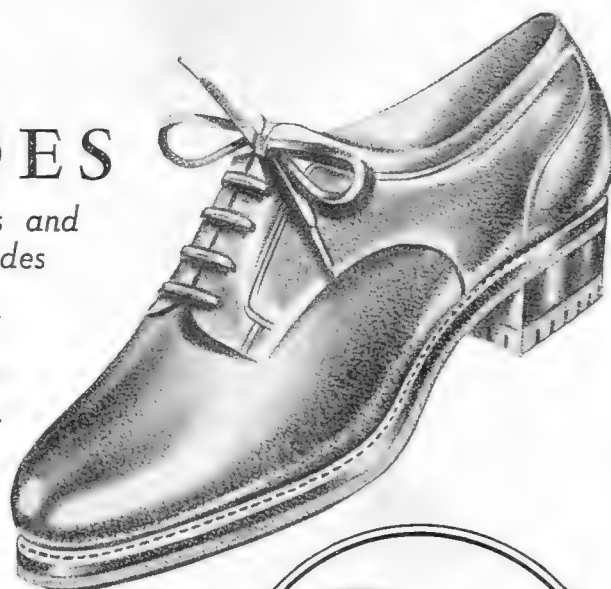
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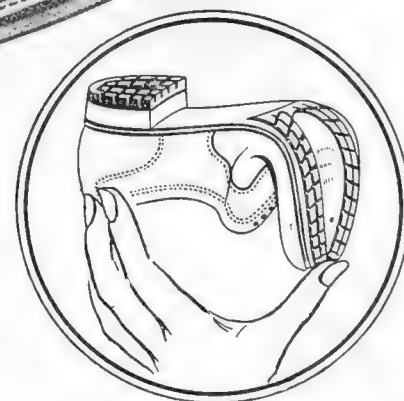
(Left) WS.3208V. Wear it in country or town, this low-heeled suede shoe, with brass-studded tongue and the new rounded toe. In nigger, navy or black suede, with leather sole 55/-



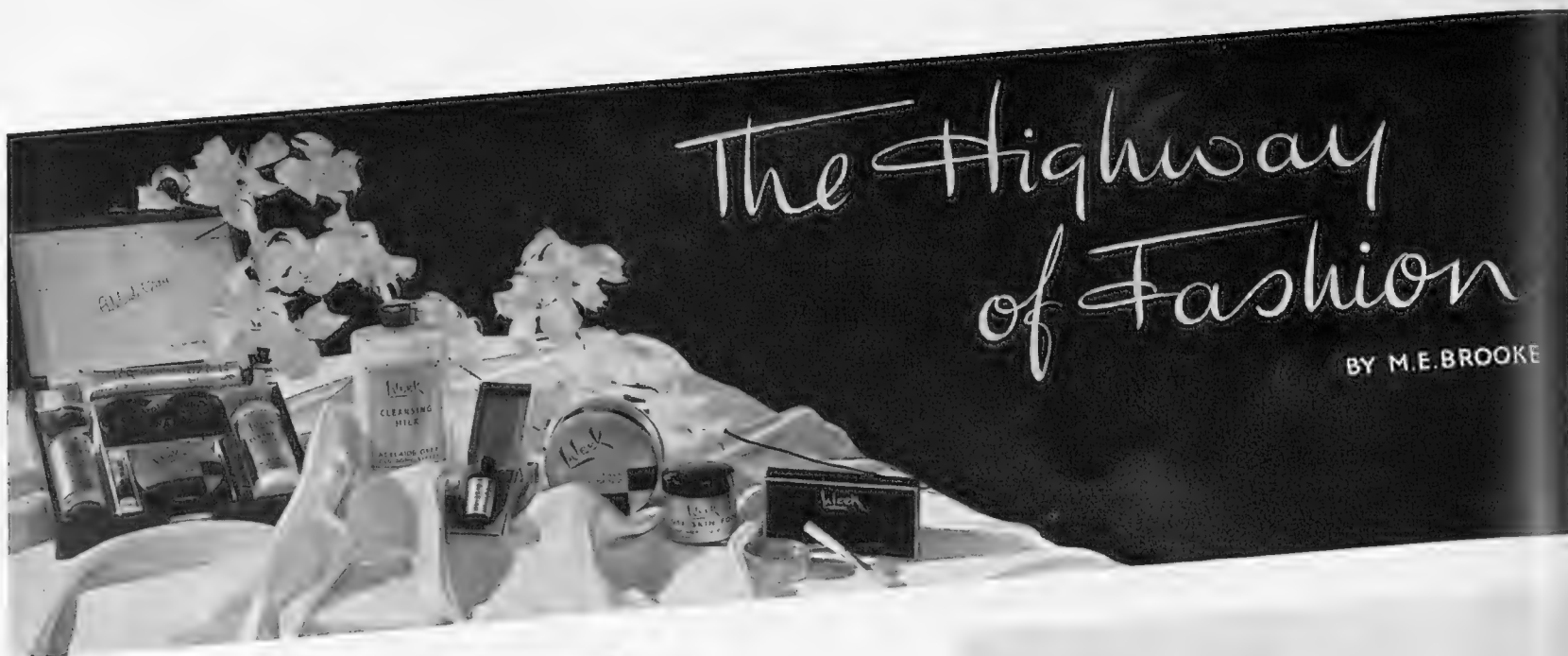
(Below) WS.335U. Sports shoe with semi-wedge heel and crepe sole, in navy reversed calf, or in lightly grained calf, navy, brown or black 42/-



(Above, right) WS.300U. Lillywhites famous five fitting sports shoe, with wonderful flexibility as shown in the inset. Each half size has five different fittings, which makes it possible to give perfect comfort to every type of foot. In finest brown gorse calf which can be greased or highly polished. Rubber or leather sole 42/-



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PERSONAL charm is within the reach of every one, and nothing gives women more confidence in themselves than a good, clear healthy skin. Laleek (Adelaide Grey, 27 Old Bond Street) in her booklet talks to all women about this subject; it will be sent on application. One definitely prevalent blemish is superfluous hair. There is a remedy for this, Wax-a-way (3s. 6d.); it weakens the growth

IT is really delightful in these strenuous times to be able to pay by monthly instalments. At Corot's, 33 Old Bond Street, this system prevails. Surely nothing could solve the Easter problem better than the fleece-finished "tartan" check wool coat portrayed on the left lined with taffeta. It is 6 guineas, while the fur felt hat is 2 guineas


GO north, south, east or west, members of the Matita collection are well represented; the enviable reputation of this firm cannot fail to be increased by it. The lines of the suits are simple, and attention is given to accessories, especially to belts and buttons. Simplicity is the salient feature of the model portrayed on the right. It is of a new jersey fabric. The belt is of interest, also the pocket



Pictures by Blake



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DALMATIANS

Property of Mrs. Nixey

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One wonders in all this welter of misery on the Continent what has happened to the dogs. It is probably as well not to know! As we know there are many fine breeds carefully preserved in Germany; the Borzois were exterminated in Russia during the revolution and, as far as I know, the only other purely Russian dog is a Sheep-dog. We all know the

with it. Of course all traffic went slowly in those days, coaches were heavy and roads bad. On the speeding up of traffic his job went and for quite a long time the "plum pudding dog" was neglected. Then it was found that he had an attractive character as well as a striking appearance and he is now well established in favour. Mrs. Nixey owns a successful



GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

Property of Mrs. Charlesworth

Finsk Spetz recently introduced into this country from Finland; but besides all these there are the "just dogs," and what becomes of them is better not to ask. One can only say "the pity of it."

The Golden Retriever is a very handsome and attractive dog, so much so that at one time there was a danger of his working properties being rather overlooked. This has been changed lately, and Golden Retrievers play their part at trials with the best. Mrs. Charlesworth is one of the foremost of those who contributed to this desirable end. All her dogs are workers first of all, none is kept who is not good at this job. She sends a picture of three of them which shows this. From left to right are F. T. Ch. Noranby Jane aged 12½, winner of the Dorset all-age stakes and many bench awards; Ch. Noranby Diana, 10 years old, winner three prizes at trials, won the Bitch Certificate at Cruft's when 8½; and her son Noranby Ranter, winner of third at trials and reserve to the championship at Cruft's. Not a bad dual purpose record! Also to show how strong they are, Jane's heart only finally gave way after a long days work, at the age of 12½.

The Dalmatian was originally known as the Coach Dog. No private coach was well turned out in the eighteenth century unless it had a couple of Dalmatians running



WHITE WEST HIGHLAND TERRIER PUPPIES

Property of Mrs. Pacey

kennel of Dalmatians and has done well at shows and has exported a good many. She also runs the Lincoln Boarding Kennels. These are at Farningham in Kent in a safe area, right in the country. In connexion with this there is a training school where all branches are taught, so what with this and her shop in London, in Elizabeth Street, Mrs. Nixey is a busy woman. She can always procure any breed of dog on request.

The White West Highland Terrier is a most delightful dog, both in appearance and character. No doubt descended originally from the same Highland Terrier as the Cairn, he has developed on rather different lines. He makes a devoted and intelligent companion and in these days his colour is an advantage; he is a good dog for a blackout! Mrs. Pacey has for a long time owned the foremost kennels of these Terriers. Champion has succeeded champion with unfailing regularity, all homebred for many generations. She now has some puppies, both West Highlands and Sealyhams, which she wishes to dispose of. The prices are distinctly moderate, as owing to both her daughters having joined up she finds she has a good deal to do. All are bred from her famous strains, so well worth having.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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suit illustrated in pin-stripe suiting has a silk-lined coat trimmed  
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MISS BETTY DEANE

Harrison

Whose engagement was announced recently. She is the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Deane, of the Old Hall, Collingham, Newark-on-Trent. Her future husband is Mr. George William Fairbairn, elder son of the late Mr. E. P. Fairbairn and Mrs. Fairbairn, of Budleigh Salterton, Devon

17 at All Souls', Langham Place, between Captain J. Chapman Parry, The Essex Regiment, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Parry, Kingsdon Hall, Harlow, and Miss Olga Pearle Treble, only daughter of the late Mr. C. Treble and Mrs. Treble, of Ellerslie, Hounslow.

The marriage will take place on February 24 at St. Stephen's Church, Inverness, between Pilot Officer Archibald William Herbert Reader, R.A.F., and Miss Margaret Isabel Ross, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. David Ross, Craigwood, Inverness.

#### Weddings Abroad.

The marriage will take place on March 7 in Maracaibo, Venezuela, between Mr. Thomas Sinclair Fraser,

## WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS

### April Wedding.

The engagement is announced, and the wedding will take place on April 3 between the Rev. Roger Holford Baines, elder son of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Halifax and Mrs. Baines, of Thorpe Grange, Almondbury, Huddersfield, and Miss Geraldine Mary Gordon, eldest daughter of the Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Fisher, of High Hurst Wood Vicarage, Uckfield, Sussex.

### Forthcoming Weddings.

The marriage will take place on February



MRS. JOHN ADDINGTON

Vandyke

Whose marriage took place recently at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, W. She was formerly Miss Barbara Rochford, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rochford, of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks. Her husband is Mr. John Addington, eldest son of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts

younger son of the late Mr. J. Sinclair Fraser and Mrs. Fraser, of Inverness, Scotland, and Miss Anne Margaret Chapman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Chapman, of Maracaibo, Venezuela.

The marriage will take place shortly in Zanzibar between Herr Dietrich Rupert von

Senger, of Zurich and Lindi, Tanganyika, and Miss Iris Monica Bradford, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bradford, of Yeovil, Somerset.

### Saturday's Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at Grazeley Parish Church between Sub-

Lieutenant Michael Allison, R.N., and Miss Noreen Magill.

### Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Lieutenant Guy Lawson Harington Hudleston, Royal Artillery, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel Ivor Hudleston, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hudleston, of The Grove, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, and Miss Shirley Gadsby, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gadsby, of 18 Argyll Road, W.8, and Rose Cottage, Upper Swanmore, Hants; Mr. John Harrison Webbe, son of Sir Harold and Lady Webbe, of Merstham, Surrey, and Miss Barbara Alison Couzens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Couzens, of Ipswich, Suffolk.



THE HON. VALERIE CANNING

Cannons of Hollywood

Whose engagement was announced recently. She is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Garvagh, of Ashby Hall, Lincoln, and her engagement is announced to Lieutenant Antony Wellesley Colley, R.H.A., elder son of Major Wellesley Colley, M.C., and Mrs. Wellesley Colley, of Lound Hill, Louth



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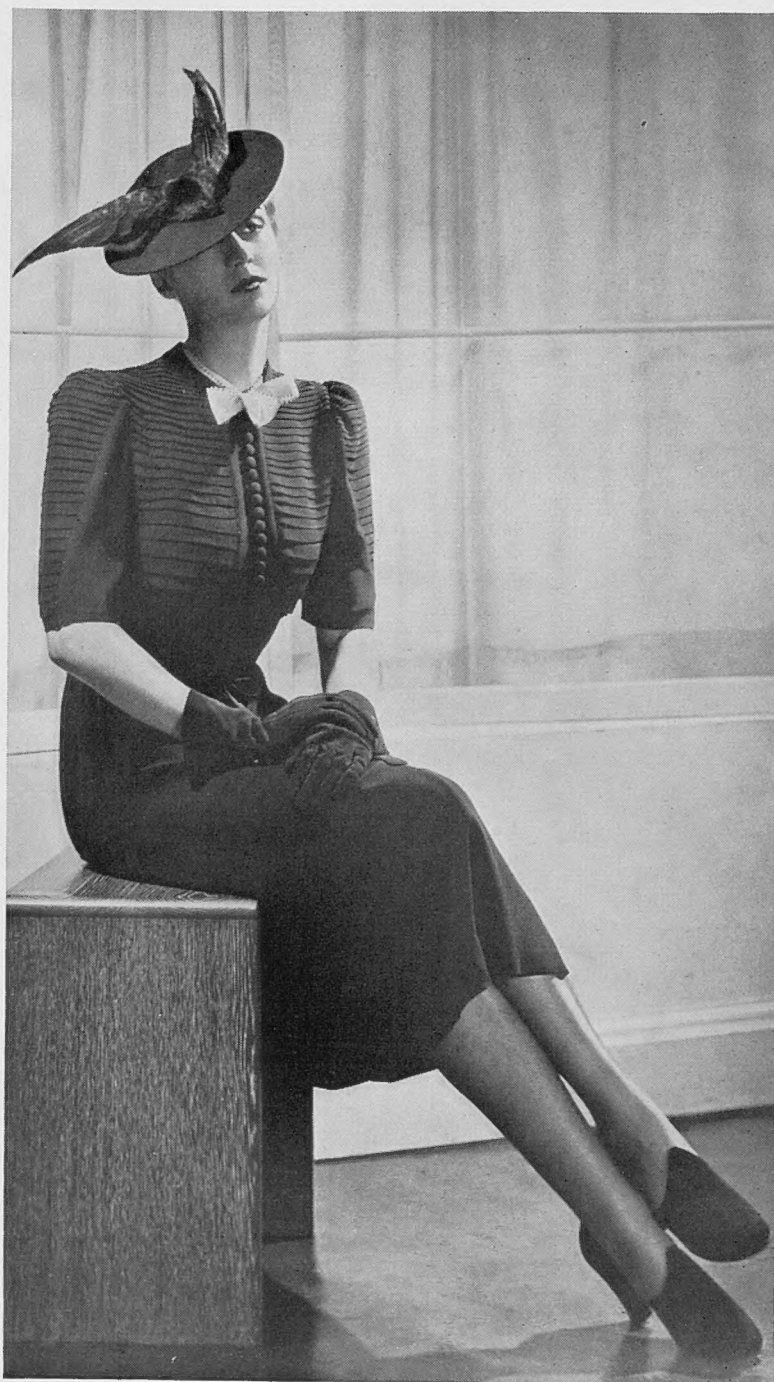
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## The Actor

(Continued from page 190)

"The warders are on the alert?" asked the journalist.

"No," replied the principal.

"Why the hell not?"

"This is why the hell not. Morgan is a starred patient, that is, a killer who may be shot on sight if he escapes. I do not want Morgan shot on sight. Do you understand me?" He drummed his fingers on the desk with a heavy, irregular beat.

"Not quite," said the specialist. "Surely the lives of the staff are more important . . . ?"

"They are not!" cried the principal. His nervous hearers started. "What I mean is this, gentlemen, if I may explain without detaining you or wasting your valuable time: Morgan will do one thing before he harms a soul—he will come here to see me."

The specialist rose and mopped his bland face. "What is that door behind you? It is ajar," he said. "Can't we get down to the gate that way?"

"There is only one way up and down to this room. That door leads to my dressing-room," said the principal without turning. "Look!" he said, and held up his mutilated hand. "Last time Morgan came here he did that. But I am not afraid of him."

The principal leaned forward over the desk, oppressing his listeners with his presence. Suddenly, as they peered up at him, in the grip of his resonance, his laughter broke into the room like the shattering of a window.

"As a matter of fact, I have not been entirely frank with you, gentlemen. Cigarettes?" He came among them, holding the silver casket with his three-fingered hand. "I wanted you to get the atmosphere of the place. The atmosphere of Morgan. I wanted to show you he has not lost his hold over his public!" He laughed again, looking from one to the other of them, and each dropped his gaze. Then he looked round to the dressing-room door. "Morgan did escape. But he is not at large. He is in there. No, do not move! He is well bound."

Highly irregular, thought the specialist. Affected by surroundings, thought the journalist. Too horrific, thought the agent. But they looked immeasurably relieved, moved their feet, touched their hair, like people in a theatre at the end of a tense scene.

"You are sure he is well secured?" asked the specialist.

"Trussed like a mummy. We had a bit of a tussle. But I'm very strong." They involuntarily looked at his maimed hand. He strode to the little door and pushed it open. The visitors reluctantly moved after him.

"Are you there, Morgan?" called the principal.

There was a slight movement and a stifled sound. In the half-light the peering men saw a bound figure and the glimmer of a face turned to them.

"Here, let me get out of here," muttered the agent. He strode to his coat and began putting it on. The others clustered with him, gathering their belongings.

"I understand you," said the principal, speaking fast. "It seems bizarre to you men from the world of reason. Forgive my little prank. Now I must turn you out. Soon I am going to release Morgan and try my experiment with him. It always makes me very tired. I need all my strength. Cigarettes before you go? No? I must ring through to the secretary and get the men on guard in case. . . . Good-bye Mr. Stubbs; I'm sure Morgan would want to send a message to Bill Rosen if he could. He often talks of him. Good-bye, Mr. Van Verschuyt. Recommend me to your uncle. Good-bye! Three steps down and you're on the spiral. . . ."

As the visitors stepped into the small glow of light by the gatekeeper's office, a buzz of talk broke out among them. The plump young specialist particularly was heard: "Slightly unbalanced himself. Obvious. Might be a touch of persecutory paranoia. Thinks his patients hate him. I shall report very unfavourably to my uncle." "I didn't like that laugh," said the journalist.

"All over for another year, eh gents?" said the gatekeeper as he held back the iron gate leading on to the sombre drive.

"Yes," said the specialist, handing the man a gratuity from his uncle, the founder of the home.

"All over for many years to come," said the theatrical agent. "Rosen can do this job for the future. The sooner I get into a train, even a blacked-out one, the better."

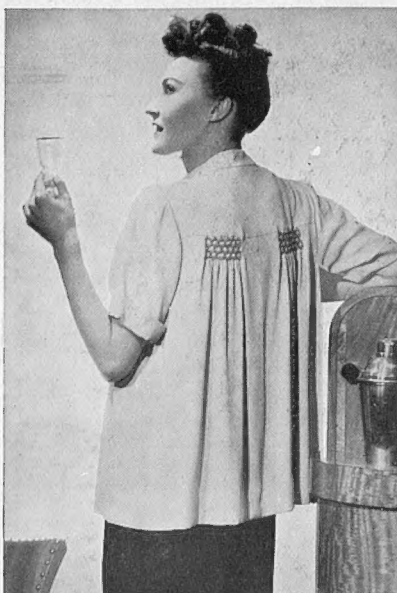
"Is it really true that Morgan broke off two of the principal's fingers?" asked the journalist.

"It was Morgan himself as was damaged when he was took that time," said the gatekeeper.

"Then how did the principal lose his fingers?"

"He ain't. You've got it all wrong. The only man in this academy missing two fingers is Morgan himself. . . ."

From out of the tower above the motionless group came peal after peal of wild laughter. . . .



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